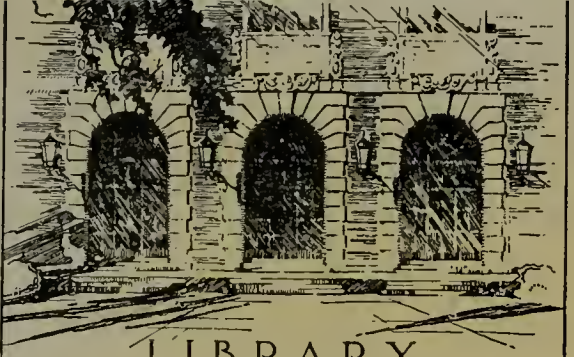

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John Hugh Smyth Pigott Esqre

Brockley Hall.

TRAITS OF TRAVEL;

OR,

TALES OF MEN AND CITIES.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LAURA PEMEGIA.

(CONTINUED.)

LAURA PEMEGIA.

(CONTINUED.)

About nine o'clock in the evening the carriage stopped in a solitary but beautiful spot, at the entrance of a lawn, more brightly green than any I had ever seen in our own fertile valleys. Sweet smelling shrubs and flowers perfumed the path leading to a cottage, which was altogether a scene of enchantment to me. It was covered with jessamine, honeysuckle, and roses; and shaded by wide branching trees at all sides. When I entered the door I could not restrain the expression of my admiration and delight.

Lord L——, who had rode on from the last stage, received me at the door with open arms. He exclaimed, as I sprung forward to meet his embrace,

"A thousand welcomes, my own Laura, to this place, which is now yours. May it remain so always! It never pleased me so much as now. Here, dearest Laura, I shall make you forget the coast of Sicily, and even your little white kid."

Will it be believed? The thought of my little favourite, made me, in that moment of delight, burst into tears!

For several days I did nothing but give expression to the ecstasy, which every thing in and about the cottage inspired, and ask the names of many articles, the use of which I did not know. My head seemed quite turned by delight, but my heart was steady to the one object of its affection; and the announcement that Lord L—— must leave me for awhile, oppressed me with grief. It was absolutely necessary that he should see his father, the Earl of D——, who resided entirely in England. I need not detail the cir-

cumstances of this first parting scene; one expression of his was like a new ray of light to my mind.

"Ah!" said he, "if I could but have *a letter* from my own Laura!"

The hope that this expression gave rise to, was my only consolation for Lord L——'s absence. He was no sooner gone, scarcely out of my sight, than I told Hannah of my determination to re-commence instantly my attempts at the rudiments of writing. During the voyage, I had begun to learn to read, and even had made some efforts to hold a pen, for I cannot say more. Lord L—— took great pleasure in occasionally being my master; and Hannah, who was sufficiently educated for a person of her station, took the greatest pains with me. As she could not read Italian, and as Lord L—— did not wish to confuse my attempts to learn, I was obliged to begin my studies in English; and I learned both to read and write in that language, before I undertook my own.

Among other articles of beautiful furniture in the cottage, was a pianoforte. I knew nothing whatever of music, but I had a quick ear and a

good voice. Lord L—— used to listen to me as I sung the wild airs of my country during our voyage, and he often accompanied me on his violincello, and sang with me at the same time. This gave me the notion of touching the notes of the piano, of forming chords, and, in short, I made great progress in accompanying myself.

Lord L——'s absence was so long that I thought it would never end. He was very nearly a month away from me. His father, who doated on him, would not part with him sooner. Lord L—— was quite independent of him; but that made him the more desirous to shew the greatest deference to his wishes. The property of Castlerose, which surrounded our cottage, was part of the large estates left to Lord L—— by his maternal grandfather. The Earl of D—— was an excellent man, and most fond father. Hannah told me many traits of his character, and I was very anxious to know him. One day when I expressed this to Hannah, she looked embarrassed.

"I know," said I, "from your looks, that you think he would not see me, because I am the child of a poor fisherman. But if his son

loves me, I think I should be in his eyes equal to the finest lady in the land." Hannah did not answer me. But she spoke often of a younger brother of Lord L—— in a manner that led me to suppose he had given some great offence to his family. The Earl of D—— had also a daughter older than his sons, and married several years before; and at three miles from Castlerose, in a splendid mansion of Lord L——'s, lived his aunt, Lady Catherine H——, only sister to his late mother, and for whom he had the greatest veneration.

These were the only particulars I for a long time knew respecting his family. He spoke on this subject very rarely, and with seeming constraint. On my part I scarcely ever mentioned my mother. Whenever I did, he appeared quite to suffer. When I once asked him the reason of this, he replied, in a confused manner,

"Be satisfied, Laura, to know that your mother is above all want; and if you value my happiness, never mention her again."

I concluded that before leaving Sicily he had found out her preference for my brother, and

that his affection would not let him pardon the ill treatment of which I had been the object.

Lord L—— was surprised and delighted at the anxiety for improvement of which I gave so many proofs. He set about, in good earnest, the task of my education; and a union so delicious existed between us, that I thought nothing was wanting to make our happiness perfect. Every day I learned something new: my ideas expanded, and I became capable of reasoning on many subjects, of which so lately I could not comprehend the existence. I must acknowledge that we did not read much. What books could have given me more information than I obtained from the rich fund of his conversation, in words which entered into my heart!

Lord L—— did not, however, live entirely at the cottage. Clermont Hall was considered his residence, as well as that of his aunt, Lady Catherine. This lady, an enemy to all modern reforms, thought that five o'clock was very late for dinner, and in fixing that hour, she considered herself as making a great concession to her nephew's wishes. Her strict adherence to old habits was

favourable to us. She retired early in the evening; and thus, when there was not company at the hall, Lord L—— immediately set off for the cottage. No kind of weather ever kept him away; and in spite of my frequent reproaches, when he came in drenched with rain, he exposed his health daily to see me a few minutes sooner. In the fine evenings of summer I used to walk to the bounds of Castlerose to meet him; and any one who had seen us on these occasions, would have supposed it a meeting after six months' separation at least.

I was quite puzzled to reconcile Lord L——'s almost filial affection for his aunt, with the pains he evidently took to keep me out of her sight. I had no other opinion on the subject, but that Lady Catherine, loving him as she did, was jealous at my sharing his love.

As soon as I was sufficiently advanced with English to converse fluently, I was resolved to put into execution a project I had long before conceived. I had a confused recollection of having seen, once or twice a year, my mother and the neighbours going to mass at Mont-real.

This appeared to me, at the time, a simple custom, which people submitted to rather than followed from choice. But the words "going to mass," had no distinct meaning for me. But when I found Hannah expressing much happiness at being able to perform this duty, as she called it, and saw what importance she attached to it, I felt the greatest longing to accompany her to St. Patrick's chapel, which was about three miles from Castlerose, in a direction opposite to Clermont Hall. I proposed this to Hannah one Sunday morning, as she prepared to go to the chapel, Lord L—— being absent for a couple of days, on business connected with the disturbed state of a distant part of the county. On his own estates nothing of the kind was ever heard of. Hannah replied to my proposal, that Lord L—— never wished me, as I knew, to pass the bounds of Castlerose without him.

"Very true," said I. "I will ask him to come with me himself to mass, next Sunday."

Hannah shook her head, incredulously.

"Doesn't he go to mass?" asked I.

"My lord is a protestant," answered she.

"What is that?"

"One who serves God differently from the catholics."

"Don't all christians worship God the same way?"

"No—some go to church."

"Does Lord L—— go there?"

"Sometimes," added Hannah, hesitatingly. "Young noblemen have not always as much religion as they ought to have."

All this set me profoundly thinking; and I cannot, even now, account for the anxiety which it gave me. On Lord L——'s return, I asked his permission to go to mass with Hannah the next Sunday. He seemed surprised at the request, desired me not to let Hannah put foolish notions into my head; and when I told him the singular interest which I began to feel about religion, he smiled, embraced me, and changed the subject.

I returned to it, however, not long afterwards, more earnestly than before. On this occasion he replied, with a seriousness proportionably increased.

"Laura," said he, "your anxiety on this

point pleases me, and distresses me at the same time. I love to see that piety has sprung up naturally in your breast, but I fear the effect of the superstitions, that are miscalled religion, upon your susceptible mind. True virtue consists in doing good, such as you do to the poor people around us; not in attending to forms, that only weaken the intellect, and make an excuse for the want of real charity and true piety. The benevolent feeling that made you, the other day, give away a valuable trinket to a beggar, is worth all the pretence of going to mass on Sundays."

He alluded to my having actually insisted on a poor man taking a pearl ring, because I had emptied my purse for others, previously to his asking charity. But the fact best worth mentioning was, that the poor fellow had honesty enough to seek out Lord L—— and return the ring to him; an instance of probity not uncommon among the Irish of the very lowest class.

Our discussion ended by his promising that I should go to mass in the following spring. It

was then winter, and St. Patrick's chapel was, he assured me, damp and unhealthy.

I had been upwards of five months living in the cottage. Winter had set in, and we had fires in every room. One evening Lord L—— returned from fox-hunting, for which amusement he kept a pack of hounds. Lights had been just placed in the drawing-room; and I saw Lord L—— cross it hastily, and come towards my bed-chamber, all covered, as he was, with snow and mud. An expression of rapture actually beamed from his countenance. He came straight towards me, threw himself at my feet, seized my hands, which he kissed wildly, looked into my face, rose up, sat down beside me, took me in his arms, gazed on me again with an expression of unbounded delight, covered my face with kisses, knelt down again before me, and remained gazing on me in complete silence.

I was astonished at this extravagance, but not alarmed.

"What is the matter with you?" said I. "Are

you mad? Why do you look at me in that wild way? I am quite frightened at you!"

"Give me back your hand, Laura."

"There it is;" and he placed it against his heart. It beat so violently that I should have been really frightened, if he had not looked so happy.

"What is it then? Do not keep me in suspense," asked I.

"What is it? Do you then ask me this?—Is it possible you are disposed to jest at such a moment! Look at me, Laura. It was not you then who told Hannah?"

At these words, which explained every thing, I hid my burning face in his bosom, saying in smothered tones,

"No, no, it was she that told me—I did not believe it—I could not, on account of my youth;" and one of those silent scenes took place which make the deepest impression on the mind.

It was, indeed, then true that I was going to become a mother! What a crowd of happy

thoughts sprang up at once in my mind! Until this day, we had enjoyed only the realities of the present—now we revelled in all the delights of hope. Night and day, waking or sleeping, I could think of nothing else. We talked together for whole hours on the one subject of our coming delight.

In the month of May, 1813, my new born child was placed in my arms by my faithful Hannah, whose tears of joy mingled with my own. Every thing of previous suffering was forgotten when they told me that I had given birth to a fine boy. But his first cry had nearly killed me. I had never seen a new born infant. I imagined that the tones of its voice would have been faint and feeble, almost like those of an unfledged bird chirping in its native nest. Instead of that, a hoarse croaking burst upon my ear. I felt sure it must be a monster. I insisted on seeing and touching it. Oh! who but a mother may tell the effect produced in my heart by the gentle heavings of his little breast, as I pressed him to me, forgot my foolish appre-

hension, and bathed him in tears. As to his features, I was forced to wait till the next morning; but they assured me he was a perfect beauty, and the very image of his father.

I slept well, notwithstanding my impatience. At day-break, Hannah, finding me to be awake, opened the curtains and shewed me the child. I could not restrain entirely a scream of astonishment. I expected to see a fine clear skin, fair curling hair, a Grecian nose, smiling mouth—in one word, to see "the image of his father."

Instead of that, they handed to me a little being, wretchedly ugly, and quite red, without hair, and its eyes scarcely visible amidst its unformed features. To make matters worse, it made a most disagreeable face at me, and began to cry. Hannah and the nurse were both shocked and scandalized at my exclamation of disappointment. But need I say I soon became satisfied with my child!

The joy of Lord L—— was little less than mine, and his attentions to me are not to be described. I soon recovered my health and strength. The child improved every day. His skin became

delicately fair and fresh. He had a quantity of light curly hair, fine blue eyes, a sweet little mouth, and a nose, which would, I was sure, become Grecian, one day or another. He was baptized, and called Frederick after his father. While I nursed him, I used to look on him for hours without being tired. I could scarcely believe it possible that I was his mother.

Although Lord L—— pretended to be jealous, it was easy to see that he doated on his son. I loved to see the child in his arms, but I never could help laughing at his awkward manner of nursing.

Lord L—— came of age a month after Frederick was born. It was a day of general rejoicing and real happiness. The whole country seemed carried away by enthusiasm; but respect for its object prevented any excess. It was not possible for any one to enjoy a greater popularity than Lord L——. He was more than an indulgent landlord. He entered into the affairs of his tenants, with all the interest of a friend; he reconciled their disputes before they became quarrels; he quelled many a riot before it

changed into insurrection; his prompt appearance often saved the necessity of a troop of soldiers. In short, he spent his whole fortune in the country from which he received it: he devoted his whole time to the improvement of the people. He soothed their prejudices and repressed their faults; and while some of even the wealthiest of his neighbours were content with reclaiming their bogs, he laboured at the same time to reclaim his tenants. He was a good example to the numbers of rich landlords, peers and commoners, who drain their fine country of its resources, and give it back nothing but their contempt.

But these are reflections of later days. At the time of which I write I knew nothing but that I was happy. I lived with him who was all to me, and our child, who was but a part of us, in Castlerose, which was my universe, in absolute seclusion, knowing nothing, nor wishing to know anything, beyond the limits of my retreat.

I am wrong! one of my wishes, my only one beyond the cottage-walls, had not been yet granted. The constant attentions required by

my little Frederick, left no time for it. When he was weaned, I reminded Lord L—— of his promise that I might go to hear mass with Hannah. He did not refuse my request. We accordingly set out together one fine Sunday morning: it was exceedingly warm, so that I had only put on a light scarf over my muslin-dress, and a white lace veil on my head.

I still recollect, with a sensation of awful pleasure, what I felt on entering the chapel. I was powerfully affected on seeing a crowd of persons of all ages, addressing their prayers at the same instant to the Supreme Being. When the sounds of the organ sounded through the chapel, I thought myself transported above the earth. We had arrived rather late; the mass was just over, and the first words I heard from the voice of the priest was when he ascended the pulpit. His air and manner were deeply impressive. My attention became so fixed, that it at length grew confused, and I gradually became unconscious of the preacher's words, although sensible that they were vehement and impressive.

In a short time, I became quite overpowered by the heat of the crowded chapel. I was not accustomed to the suffocating oppression of such a place; and Hannah, who saw me become pale and faint, immediately removed me to the open air. At this moment Lord L——, who came to meet me, approached in the little pony phaeton, which was called and considered as my own carriage, though I never had courage enough to enter it without him. He was quite frightened when he saw me; but we soon reached home, and the rest of the day was passed in repeated vows on his part, that I never should go to St. Patrick's chapel while the warm weather continued. I could not help smiling at the recollection of his winter objections on a former occasion.

"I see, Laura, that my anxiety is a matter of amusement to you," said he. It was the first time that the slightest reproach or ill-temper had escaped him. I burst into tears. He kissed them away. I returned his embrace. He repeated it—and so the affair ended. His concluding words were, however,

"Laura, remember, you go no more to St. Patrick's!"

I submitted, of course, to this inflexible decision, but I deeply regretted it. To recompence me in some sort, Lord L—— had constructed for me, a little oratory beside my dressing-closet. I quickly arranged this place, and ornamented it with the most valuable things I possessed. On Sundays and other holidays of the catholic church, Hannah and I regularly prayed together in the oratory, and my devotion was never greater, nor indeed so deep and so sincere, as when I could, at the same time, look upon my child quietly sleeping in his cradle.

Eighteen months after the birth of Frederic, I could, in fact, say *my children.* The birth of a daughter completed the only wish which I had to form. Lord L—— chose that she should be named after me, as Frederick had been after him. She was, however, called Laurette, to distinguish her from her mother.

I will not dwell on the delighted days which I passed with my children, nor on the contrasts of their characters, nor the variety of their beauty.

They were to me *perfection:* my consolation when Lord L—— was absent, and the links that bound us to our happiness when he was at home. When he dined at Clermont Hall, we always went in the evening, if the weather allowed us, towards a little shrubbery at the side of the lawn looking in the direction which he was sure to take on his return. From a rising ground within the shrubbery, quite shaded by some large chesnut trees, we could perceive the high road to Dublin and that which led to Clermont Hall. I had had a cross fixed there, which I called the "Cross of the Rock," although there was not a fragment of rock to be seen; but the name and the object reminded me of home, and I loved at times to think of scenes and persons of whom I never spoke.

When Lord L—— appeared at a distance our handkerchiefs were all floating in the air, for the children were sure to do as I did. As soon as Lord L——perceived us, he answered by a like signal, and away he started at full gallop to reach the cottage before us; but notwithstanding his horse's speed, we often won the race. And

day after day this was repeated, and always with delight. The pastimes of idleness, however ingenious, may become tiresome; but I do not think that those of nature and affection ever can.

I was one evening sitting at the foot of the cross, with the children beside me, when I suddenly heard the sounds of several voices from the road to Clermont Hall. Lord L—— had given a grand dinner that day, and I thought it was he and some of his guests that were approaching. He was not of the party, as I very soon understood. I dared not move from the eminence, lest these noisy gentlemen might see me, and I was somewhat alarmed at their boisterous tones. I kept the children close, hoping the strangers would pass by; but they stopped within a few yards of where I stood. I saw them clearly as they looked towards the cottage, which presented from that point one of its prettiest aspects.

"There is the cottage of Lady L—— that is to be," said one of the young men, stopping his horse suddenly.

"She is devilish pretty, and I don't wonder

that Lismore should marry her," answered another.

"You have seen her?"

"To be sure I have. Wasn't I at the chapel the day that Father Glyn preached at her till she fainted, poor thing?"

"I wonder who or what the deuce she is," said the third person; "whether lady or peasant, French, Greek, or Spaniard? Lismore is so d——d close on that point."

"He's a wise fellow for it," spoke another.

"She loves him, they say."

"Ay, as such women love."

"They have a child?"

"Two."

"The devil they have! That makes the thing serious. What says the old earl? His son George has married the dancer, hasn't he?"

"Ay, and Lord L—— is going to take *his* part in the ballet."

"We shall see who will carry the point, the earl or the damsel."

The party moved away, and the rattling of the leaves made me lose the rest of their words,

every one of which I could have greedily swallowed. I cannot explain how much I suffered during this conversation. I was no longer a child. I was nineteen years of age. Old enough to suspect a mystery, but not to penetrate it. I was filled with a vague uneasiness, and the certainty that, in loving me, Lord L— had displeased his father. I lost no time in repeating to Lord L—— all thatI had heard. He was embarrassed, and evidently annoyed ; but in spite of all my efforts, he passed over the subject lightly, persuading me that it was only the giddy conversation of a few young men who had taken too much wine. Finding it impossible to obtain the explanation I wished, I was resolved to satisfy myself on the one main point. I begged of him then, most seriously, to tell me if his father was really displeased at his attachment to me?

"Certainly he is—but simply because he dreads my giving up England wholly for your sake."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, fly to him—prove that in loving me you forget no duty to him or others."

"My dear girl, be satisfied—all will end happily, depend on it!"

In spite of this assurance, and the fond embraces that followed, I was *not* happy or satisfied. I did not apprehend any sudden evil. What had I to fear? He loved me! But I could not help observing an occasional melancholy in his face and manner, particularly when he came to me directly after being with Lady Catherine. These slight symptoms were but the prelude to a fatal alteration in my destiny.

Lord L—— having made a long stay in England during the year 1817, we flattered ourselves with the hope of passing together, at Castlerose, the whole of the following summer. In the month of April letters arrived from London, saying that the earl was dangerously ill, and required to see his son. I speak only the truth in saying that it would be impossible to tell which of us suffered most on this occasion.

"Good God!" cried I, "if the earl should

die without seeing his son! If I should be the cause of Lord L—— losing his father's blessing!"

This shocking thought seemed to give me wings. I flew rather than ran to give orders for the journey.

And Lord L——! I was not satisfied with his conduct—no, I was not satisfied. Should he have thought of *me* at such a time? I adored him—yet I wished him gone from me each moment. But he stood, stupified as it were, and without power to move. I could scarcely believe it was he. One moment he ordered his horses. The next he countermanded them. Knowing that I alone caused the indecision which kept him from his duty, I almost threw myself on my knees to implore him to set out. At last he acceded to my prayers—and we parted.

When the painful moment for his setting out arrived, I walked with my two children, beside Lord L——, as far as the cross on the little hill. It was a lovely day, and the leaves were bursting thickly from the trees. I could not repress my tears.

"This is the first time," said I, "that you will not see the trees in flower! You will at any rate be back with me before the leaves fall from them?"

He pressed me against his heart. I endeavoured to speak to him of the duty which called him to his father. The sound of my voice seemed to agitate him. He looked at me with a singular expression of mingled pain and pride, and said, with a tone of suffering,

"And is it *she* who reminds me of my duty! *She*, whom they would—Laura, listen to me! The words which the dead carry with them to the grave ought to be sacred; but no matter what promise, what oath they may force from me, remember—"

A flood of tears interrupted the sentence; but he quickly resumed.

"You see me affected and unhappy, Laura. Can I be otherwise, in quitting you and these little ones?"

"Ah!" exclaimed I, "you do not tell me all—you conceal something from me!"

"True, Laura; and yet the day is perhaps

not distant when all my secrets will be revealed. And then, all your goodness of heart and your love for me may scarcely be enough to obtain my pardon."

"What do you say?" exclaimed I. "Your pardon! You, my benefactor, my beloved, my only friend! The most generous, the best of human beings!"

"Hold, Laura! Do not profane those titles, which belong only to virtue. You will one day know my fault. It will appear to you, as I see it myself, inexcusable, enormous! Oh, Laura! my only hope is in your affection. That may perhaps plead for me, and you may forgive me still. Listen to me. I have sworn to respect and to obey the commands of my father, for I hold them sacred while he lives; but the world holds no other woman for me but you, Laura. These are our children, and no power on earth can wholly sever me from you and them!"

These words were followed by silent embraces, in which we all partook. He mounted his horse at length, and galloped off; but he often stopped on the road to look back and wave his

hand, and more than once it appeared to me that he struggled with himself, and overpowered the feeling that seemed to urge his return.

It may be imagined in what misery I passed the remainder of this day. The children had been above an hour in bed, and I still sat without any light, but that of the moon, which shone fitfully into the drawing-room, through the glass doors that opened into the lawn. I looked mournfully on every object around me. My eyes wandered towards the rising ground in the shrubbery, and were fixed on the cross so often mentioned, when I suddenly observed a female figure, walking among the trees with a majestic air. She made two or three turns round the lawn, and then disappeared.

I was greatly agitated. This circumstance instantly produced a strange and superstitious dread. In many parts of Sicily there is a belief that the phantom of some female is sure to announce the death of any distinguished individual. I had heard of this notion, but never felt its force till now. It could in my sensation have no object but Lord L——; and I was tortured

by the fear that he might be attacked by one of those pestilential fevers which at that time made such ravages in Dublin, or that the vessel in which he was to embark there, might be lost. But a letter from Wales, in a few days afterwards, told me he was safe from all my imagined dangers, and that before I received it he would be at his father's side.

By degrees I became calm, but I could not reeover my happiness. Not all the sweet endearments of my children, nor Lord L——'s delightful letters, had power to lessen my melancholy. I became nervous to the highest degree, and the least noise terrified me. Hannah lectured me continually; but in vain.

"Why, one would think," she used to say, "that my lord had never gone to England before. Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself, Miss Laura, not to hould up. It's all nonsense taking on this away."

"My dear Hannah," was my usual reply, "I do all I can, but it is useless. Something is going to happen to him. I shall never see him again!"

One morning, after I had been for some weeks suffering under this wretched apprehension, Hannah came into the little oratory, and found me stretched insensible upon the floor. When her efforts had restored me, I pointed to a letter which lay beside me, and answered her inquiries by making signs to her to read it. It was written in an elegant female hand, and contained the following words.

"If you are not quite abandoned, this letter will not be written in vain. They say that your errors arise from ignorance rather than a bad heart. I will believe it when you have escaped from your vicious course of life, and broken your shameful connexion with the man who never can be yours. If, in spite of all honour and principle, you work on him through the absurd passion you have inspired, to form a connexion with you, which would be ruin and disgrace to him, reflect that besides ensuring to yourself eternal perdition, you will cause the death of the respectable and doting parent whom such a marriage would send to his grave."

On reading these cruel words, Hannah had no

command of herself. She tore the letter in pieces, and stamped on them as they fell on the ground.

"I am wrong," said she, in a voice hoarse with passion, while she picked up the scraps of paper, "my lord must see these—he will know the hand, and *his own* will fall heavy on them that did it!"

Turning towards me, and seeing my state of suffering, pity took place of rage. She used every possible effort to soothe me, said that the letter was from some wretch envious of my happiness, and that such a paper should be treated with contempt. All was too late! The whole truth seemed to flash on me at once. A crowd of past thoughts and circumstances rushed on my mind. I heard poor Hannah's kind words without attending to their meaning. I saw her tears without being affected by them. I felt her hand pressing mine to her lips, but mine hung motionless. At last I interrupted her.

"Hannah," said I, "you are my sincere friend, you have never deceived me: a word from your lips is worth a thousand sermons. If

then you can, in truth and conscience, tell me that I am not wrong, not criminal in living with him, I will believe you in preference to all the world—I *will* be happy!"

Hannah covered her eyes with her hands, and quitted the room, sobbing loudly.

It was then true that I was a guilty, degraded being—an object of contempt to all his family—to his father, dropping into the tomb! On recalling to my mind all the things that should have long before opened my eyes to the fact, I was astonished only at my blindness. This was then Lord L——'s secret, so vaguely hinted at on our parting, the fault I had to forgive. Ah! how truly he was already forgiven! He loved me, that was *his* crime—and if a guilty mother—the shocking thought revolted me—it was, alas! true that the excess of her misery—but *he!*—he was a thousand times dearer to me than ever.

My first idea was to send him the letter. But that was soon abandoned, for I thought it too cruel to add the news of my unhappiness to that which he was already suffering on his

father's account. I resolved to wait till his return to Castlerose, when I would frankly tell him the state of my mind, my remorse, and my plans for the future. On one point I meant to be inflexible—we should certainly *separate*, never again to inhabit the same roof. The thought was in itself despair—but the sacrifice should be made! Lord L—— should reside at Clermont; we should see each other only at intervals; every one should be satisfied as to my conduct and intentions; Lord L—— should be happy in the performance of his duty, and I should act up to mine, though utter misery were the consequence.

Night came on. A quiet sleep, during which I had none but consoling dreams, calmed in some measure the agitation of the day. I was awoke by two little voices, which said,

"Laura, are you asleep? Mamma, are you awake?"

They were well known voices! Hannah had given the strictest orders to the dear children to be very quiet when they paid me their usual morning visit. Perhaps she foresaw that from

that day forward there was to be no further repose for their wretched mother!

The morning passed tranquilly over. In the afternoon the children begged of me to join, as was my custom, in their play; and, with a heavy heart, I consented. We were soon seated on the carpet in the drawing-room, the glass doors lying open, as the day was pleasantly warm. We were surrounded with toys of various kinds, and Laurette was busily employed *dressing* my hair, in her fashion, which consisted in putting it into the greatest disorder. I was aroused from the painful reverie into which I had insensibly fallen, by a gentle tapping against the door; and turning suddenly round, I observed a lady, of middle age and of most dignified demeanour, who stood looking at the children.

I was a good deal embarrassed. The distinguished appearance of the lady was a strong contrast to the simplicity of my own. I was dressed in the plainest way; and my long brown hair was tossed about as I have described.

"Pray," said the stranger, "can I speak with the young Italian lady who lives here?"

I saw that she took me for the nursery maid, and I answered in a low and hesitating voice, "I am the person."

"You!" replied she, in an accent of surprise.

"I mean the mother of these children."

"It is I who am their mother, Ma'am."

At these words the lady's eyes filled with tears. She did not speak for some minutes; but then began to excuse herself for having entered so abruptly; and explained that having found no one in the offices, she took the path leading to the lawn, as her shortest way home. While she spoke, Frederick looked at her attentively. She held her hands out to him, and he ran to her unhesitatingly and kissed her, which surprised me, as he was timid with strangers.

"We know each other," said the lady; "I have often met him with his nurse."

These words told me at once to whom I spoke. I saw, for the first time, Lady Catherine H——, the aunt of Lord L——, and for whom I had

for six years entertained such veneration, and so often longed to behold. I curtsied to the ground, and my looks were no doubt suited to the respect which prompted the action. She took me by the hand.

"Laura," said she, "I wish to speak to you quite alone."

This familiar appellation filled me with joy. I could not speak; but accepting her proffered hand, I pressed it to my heart, and led the way to the little oratory. She held my hand tenderly between hers, as I sat down beside her, and said affectionately, "My dear Laura," but suddenly stopped, as if she hesitated how to continue.

"Ah, my dear Madam," exclaimed I, "you know not how happy you make me."

"I am nevertheless the messenger of ill," but seeing me grow deadly pale, she rapidly went on—"of ill which is but for a time, which your courage will soon surmount. Your candid and innocent air convinces me that I shall not implore you in vain—that the hope which brought me here will not be deceived. At once to re-

lieve your suspense, and to speak to the purpose, I have long mourned over my nephew's errors; but seeing *you*, I pardon him from my heart. But what was at first a youthful indiscretion has grown to be a fatal passion, that forces him to drive to utter despair the father whose whole hopes are fixed on him. If my nephew had not abused your innocence in ceasing to respect it, if in degrading you he had not put an impassable barrier between you, there is no saying what sacrifices might not have been made by his family, in consideration of your amiable character and your uncommon beauty. But he has plunged you in guilt, against the laws of God and man. In keeping you profoundly ignorant of the true nature of your crime, he has loaded himself with all its responsibility;—but now that you are informed of what that is, that you know your situation, it falls again upon you. If you still persevere to live with a man, in violation of all that is virtuous and honourable, can you believe yourself innocent? No, no, the primitive simplicity of your heart will loudly answer the question; and you will, by one prompt

though painful sacrifice, redeem your fault. Laura, it is in your power to do infinite good or serious evil—you have the choice before you !"

She paused from her discourse, and seemed to wait the impression produced by this mixture of all that could work upon my feelings. Overpowered, and almost breathless, I asked, tremblingly, what was required of me?

"To quit Ireland for a little while—to return to Sicily," replied Lady Catherine.

My answer was a cry of agony—my eyes closed—I lost all sense of sight, hearing and speech, and sank on the floor. The cruel woman who bent over me, recalled me to sensation, by all that could soothe and flatter me. As I regained some command of myself, she pictured the heroism and devotion of the course she advised. She spoke of the dying earl. "It is he who appeals to you," said she; "will you, can you be deaf to his expiring voice? You know his writing—look at this letter!"

I gazed on the paper, while she read as follows—

"I had two sons, from whom I expected all

the happiness of my life. One has hastened my death, the other is about to plunge me into the grave. Speak to the heart of this young woman. They say, that in spite of her disgraceful course, she is susceptible of good feeling. She will carry with her into her native country, ample proofs of my gratitude, ample provision for an honourable life, and the blessings of an old man on her head. If she resists my supplications, and remains, she will be the mark of opprobrium, and the final cause of my death."

"It is enough, it is enough!" cried I, impetuously. "It is *my* duty to die! Oh, this cruel father, to write such words as these! For me, who so much respected, who would have so much honoured him. Alas, I knew not it was a crime to love his son! No one told me that it was so. At least explain this to the earl, tell him I offended without knowing my offence—that I will not persist in my error—I will go away, far from the place, far from Lord L——. The moment he returns here I will tell him my determination, but it is from my own lips he shall know it."

"No, no, Laura, you will better consult his happiness, if he be dear to you."

"*If* he be dear to me! Oh, Heavens!"

"You will give him the strongest proof of your affection, in sparing him a scene of wretchedness, which could only add to the misery of each. He will feel, and esteem this last sacrifice at its full value. I have so far only spoken to you of your duty towards God, and of the rights of a venerable parent. But if I turned to your own well-being! Think, for a moment, when Lord L—— sees his father dead before him, and his passion for you becomes suddenly extinct—when he ceases to love her whom he cannot even now—"

"But he tells me he will love me for ever."

"And believes it, perhaps—but he deceives himself."

"And you are sure he will end by hating me?"

"By ceasing to love you, certainly. I am quite convinced that in a year or two—"

"A year or two of happiness! Oh, that I

could but see him for a day—for a single moment!"

"But by sincerely repenting, and returning to a virtuous course, you will become, in his eyes, as well as those of his family, a most respectable and interesting woman."

"But these children on whom he doats—how could he bear never to see *them* again?"

At this question, which plainly told how little I knew the woe that was intended for me, Lady Catherine appeared for a moment overcome. She paused; but soon recovered herself, and in a tone of cruel firmness she spoke the most afflicting words I had ever heard.

"Your children must remain in Ireland. I say nothing of the law, which in such a case adjudges them to their father: it is to your affection for them, as their mother, that I shall speak. In one word, Laura, recollect how *you* were brought up; and appreciate the motives of those who, for your children's sake, have taken the painful task of this afflicting affair."

I lost all power of reason and reflection. I never paused to consider my own rights, my

own authority. I felt myself in the hands of a merciless enemy. I threw myself at her feet, clasped her knees, and in the most abject terms implored that my children might be left to me. I offered to fly with them to the remotest corner of the land, to hide myself impenetrably from Lord L——, to bury myself wholly from the world. But instead of being moved by my agony, she summoned all her severity of look and tone, and said,

"Your fate is in your hands. I cannot force you. A special messenger waits for my reply to the earl. His life or death depends on it. I shall tell him you are inflexible—Farewell!"

She rose, as if to depart. I threw myself before, to intercept her, and caught her dress in my hands. She sat down again, looked at me firmly, but harshly no longer. Her countenance changed into an expression of calmness and dignity. She spoke once more, accompanying every word with caresses that would have succeeded to subjugate a harder heart than mine. She brought forward all the particulars of my situation, in the most vivid manner. She painted the

death-bed of the earl, his son's despair, a whole family in misery—myself the object of general execration! On the other hand, she shewed me my children growing up in all the advantages of education and good breeding, reunited to me, loading me with blessings for the part I had acted; and their father viewing me with respect and gratitude, and an affection, not less ardent, but far purer than what he had ever before felt for me.

I was overcome, overpowered, unresisting—my solemn pledge was given! But when I pronounced the fatal word, it seemed as if the whole universe had ceased to exist. Lady Catherine hastened away. Her last words were a promise to send her carriage for me next day, and to take me to Clermont Hall, to settle every thing relative to the children.

She had no sooner left the room than Hannah entered, having overheard every thing that had passed. I cannot detail the scene that followed, nor the various efforts made by this excellent creature to assuage my suffering. All was ineffectual; every word of intended condolence

turned into bitterness, for each one confirmed the conviction of my guilt and the necessity of the sacrifice.

The night which followed this dreadful day was still more terrible. During the continuance of daylight I had been kept up by the violence of my emotion, and the energy of despair. The struggle against my feelings while the children were with me, supported me, in a measure, even after they had retired, and as they slept. But by degrees every support seemed gradually to abandon me; and, as the silent night fell in, I wandered up and down through the cottage, at length uttering such piercing cries that the children awoke, and all the servants hurried to my assistance. But Hannah removed the children to her own room, and I desired the others to leave me, which they did with tears.

I could not be persuaded to lie down, I still wandered about the sitting-room, and I recalled all that had passed in review before me. A new light seemed to break suddenly upon my mind, as I reconsidered some of the incoherent reasonings of Hannah; and I thus asked myself—

"Do I not go too far in this blind submission? Do I not owe to myself, my children, and their father, another course of conduct? Yes, yes, Hannah is right. No one living has the right to force me from this place but Lord L——: I am free!"

"No, you are not!" replied a deep and solemn voice, which I instantly recognised. I raised my head, and by the faint light of the night-lamp, I saw the venerable figure of the old priest, whom I had but once before beheld.

"Ah! I am lost!" screamed I, covering my face with my hands.

"Far from it, poor creature," said he; "you are recovered from the path that was leading to destruction."

These words were spoken in a tone of perfect exultation. I cast a mournful look toward the priest; his face beamed with joy; whether it was excited for a sinner redeemed, or a proselyte gained, I know not now. At the time, however, I viewed him in the most reverential light, and I listened to his reasoning, agreed with his opinions, and joined in his prayers, as though he

had imparted a portion of his spirit to mine. And what was the burthen of all *our* invocations to Heaven? Flight from, and abandonment of, all that was dear to me on earth! For strength to bear this, for grace to succeed in it, I bent my knee, and raised my voice, and poured out my soul! Was it not impiety on my part? What heart will call it less?—But on whom do I call? Who is there now to answer or to feel for me? As the priest left me about dawn, a kind of lethargic slumber closed my eyes, and took from me all sensation of my wretchedness.

The morning was far advanced when I awoke, and saw the sun shining full into my room, and upon the empty beds of my children. Starting up, I called loudly upon Hannah, who was watching me close by, and was in a moment beside me.

"They are safe, my dear mistress," exclaimed she; and she beckoned them from the next room, where they waited the summons. I will not attempt to depict my suffering during the course of this day, as I gazed on my darlings, and listened to their unconscious prattle, and stifled

my sighs, repressed my tears, and played with them till my heart grew sick with anguish. After dinner we were again *at play*; all the toys were brought forth, I took them one after another in my hand, and kissed them separately, scarce knowing what I did. The children hung round me, covered me with caresses, and seemed sensible that some secret load pressed upon my heart.

Hannah suddenly entered the room, and with a faltering voice told me I was wanted. I hastily sprang up, embraced the children wildly, threw on my cloak and bonnet, and relieved by this escape from sensations which were becoming intolerable, I entered the carriage that was waiting for me at the door. A respectable looking woman stood at the steps, and as I entered, she said something on the part of her mistress, which I did not comprehend. As the carriage drove away, all my servants stood at the door, and Hannah held the children, one in each hand. A general expression of sorrow was painted on every face, except on those of the little cherubs, who smiled upon me, and waved their little hands till I was out of sight.

"We are going to Clermont Hall?" asked I of my companion who sat opposite to me.

"Certainly, Ma'am," answered she.

The rapid movement of the carriage, joined to my great anxiety, began to affect me sensibly. My head turned round, and my senses were beginning to wander from all the reality of my situation, when the carriage stopped before the principal entrance of the stately mansion, which I recognized for Clermont Hall. All that I further recollect, is, that the great door opened; a tall female figure, which I believe to have been that of Lady Catherine, came down the steps, and entered the carriage; then embraced me several times, in great apparent emotion, without however raising the long white veil that covered her head; quitted the carriage in the same silence she had observed while in it, and the horses set off instantly at full gallop. We travelled all night with the same frightful rapidity; and the next morning about day-break, I was placed on board a vessel, at what port I know not. There my female companion left me, in the care of the captain's wife, an amiable and kind woman, who

has from the first moment, done all in her power to calm my anguish, and lessen the cruelty of my lot.

I have been now three weeks at sea. Ireland is far behind; yet I gaze, night and day, towards the west, as if—— I cannot pursue the thought. In a ship I first knew what happiness was; and *now!* Completing this recital, has been my only support; without it I should have gone mad. Will it ever meet *his* eyes, or those of my dear children?

Once more on my native soil—once more in Sicily! But where are my early feelings, my innocent enjoyments, my happy ignorance! I am a week on shore! I landed in *my own* bay. The objects of infant recollection all burst on me at once. The whole neighbourhood hurried to the shore, to see the strangers, and inquire what could bring a foreign vessel there in fine weather. I marked several well-known faces: men who bore little marks of change, women of advanced age scarcely altered; girls grown into

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women, *married* ones, too, with their children by their side; but no one recognized me!

At length, as I made my way through the groups, leaning on the captain's and his lady's arms, and tracing, according to their instructions, our way to the monastery of the White Penitents, a woman pressed quickly forward, and came directly up o me. Her features were agitated, and all her movements convulsive. I shrunk away: the people around endeavoured to remove her; but she pushed them aside; and, stopping before me, she looked at me with a frightful gaze of joy. A torrent of tears burst from her eyes, she wrung her hands, and with a smothered utterance, she exclaimed—

"Yes, it is *she!* But where is the beauty of which I was so proud—for the price of which I bartered my immortal soul! Where are the beams of her eyes, the roses of her cheeks? Thy brother is dead, Laura! Dost thou come to reproach me with another crime? Wouldst thou, too, die, to add to my load of guilt?"

These words of my wretched mother were too much for my exhausted frame. I sank into the

arms of the captain; and when I recovered my recollection, I found myself in the detached house belonging to the monastery, adapted for the reception of travellers of either sex. The captain and his wife sat by me, and with them a young man, whose dress proclaimed him to be one of the monks. Among the first words addressed to me by the captain's lady, I comprehended these,

"Father Anselm has taken charge ——"

At the sound of this name, I started from the bed on which they had placed me. I threw aside my hair, and looked into the face of the young man. I had not long to look. His eyes answered mine. I was in an instant in the arms of that dear-loved brother, whom our frenzied parent had fancied to have perished in the waves; but who lived to cover his penitent sister with the protection of the sacred calling, which grief for her loss had prompted him to adopt as his.

Thus one spark of hope is still alive; one link to bind me to existence. Yet nature seems dead for me. I wander on this beach from day-

break to sunset, my gaze for ever fixed towards the side where I fancy Ireland to be. I stroll through the forest to the spot where I first met him. I meet happy girls, gathering flowers, as gay, as thoughtless, as I was at their age. May my bitter tears at least be not lost for them—may my example be a lesson! All that I possess shall be employed to give portions to the poorest among them. The death which I sigh for will sanctify this gift. My brother knows my wishes. He knows where I desire my grave to be dug—in the same spot where first ———. And if ever it should chance that he ——— and my children, my dear, dear children! ———

But, gracious Heaven, give me strength! What do I see?—Even now—within the bay—a vessel—it *is* the English flag—it *is* ———.

The recital ended here.

The following particulars were added by Father Anselm, in our conversation before alluded to.

No sooner had Laura thrown down the pen that traced the last broken sentence of her manuscript, than she ran from her room, quitted the monastery with almost frantic speed, and hurried to the sea-side. The vessel which she had so suddenly seen, as it swept round a projecting rock, and entered the bay, was indeed none other than the well-known yacht which had borne her from her native shore six years previously. It had anchored in the smooth shelter of the bay; and before Laura could reach the water's edge, a boat had been lowered, and was rapidly rowed towards the shore. Five human figures stood close together on the prow. A young man, with two children, one in each hand; another man, elderly and respectable-looking; and a woman, of nearly middle age. Must their names be told? Did Laura require the explanation? Did the waving hats, the extended arms, the cheering calls of all that was most dear to her, speak to the inmost depths of her heart? And when *he* springs far across the surf upon the beach, and clasps her in his arms—when the

little innocents wade through the water, and grasp their mother's knees—when the warm-souled Hannah and the faithful O'Brien join the group—has that heart *broken* with excess of joy?—No! It has sunk, but to rise again. The spring of being has relaxed, but to regain new force. The film flies from before her sight; the weight is removed from her brain, and the beams of pleasure struggling through the mist of woe, bathe all around them in a radiant flood. A joyous discharge of artillery, and a cheer of honest Irish delight, came across the waves, and the rocks rung with the sound, as Laura flung herself into the new earl's open arms, for the father of Lord L—— was dead. His mortal career closed before he could learn the misery of her, whose sacrifice was meant to secure his peace of mind, if not to save his life. Hannah, with the faithful energy of her nation, lost not one hour when she knew the baseness that entrapped her mistress; but fled with the children to the coast. The servants and tenants, who adored Lord L—— and Laura, aided her flight with means of every kind; and she reached London the day

after the old earl was laid in his tomb. His son started from his trance of filial grief, spurned all the spurious offerings to his new honours, and with Hannah, and O'Brien, and the children, he hastened to a sea-port where his yacht was lying ready, at a minute's notice, for sea, with others of the club of which he was a leading member.

He was, within an hour, upon the waves; and all that skill and vigilance could do was exerted to hasten his voyage to Sicily.

As soon as their minds became composed enough to allow of aught but bursts of unreasoning rapture, the hands of the lovers were joined together, and their hearts legitimately bound, by Laura's brother, in the monastery chapel. But to make the union legal as well as legitimate, still more was to be done. They set out immediately for Rome, where *all* forms were in due course gone through; and Laura Pemegia became the unquestionable sharer of the title, fortune, and honours of him, who could not by any ritual have given or gained another grain of heart. If the spirit of the former earl looks down on the scenes of earth, and is conscious of

this world's felicities, it may be satisfied with the son who made the generous, the just, the *only* amends in the power of man, to the being who trusted and sacrificed all, in him and for him.

From the year of their marriage until this they have lived abroad; both of them the charm and grace of some of the best society of the continent. The earl is *afraid* to return to England, not for his own sake, but for *hers*. For he dreads lest some exclusive *clique*, that gives the tone to fashion and apes the mockery of morals, might refuse to his always innocent, though long deluded Laura, the fiat of admission to those circles, where many a heartless guilty one takes place not far from the highest.

Another bar exists to the earl's return, and joins in depriving Ireland of his personal support, at all times wanting, but most of all in times like these. His eldest boy is illegitimate, without rank, or title, or patrimony; while a brother, born several years later, is the lucky, legal, "true inheritor" of all. The earl has, like his helpmate, ever doated on Frederick. The boy had nothing left but to *make* himself a

name—a fortune, his father's affection has secured to him. And, *even while I write*, I see that name amongst the very first of those who, as volunteers in the Russian ranks, struck the earliest blows on the Turkish soil, against the pest of humanity, the butchers of Greece, the race, whose expulsion from the civilized world would sanctify excess itself, and form a grand exception to general rules of politics, expediency, and international law.

The unfortunate mother of Laura, conscience-maddened, was at the time of my visit wandering about, watched by the care of her son. She obeyed him, as has been seen, but still believed him dead; as well as Laura, whose spectre seemed to haunt her. This last idea was firmly strengthened by seeing so constantly near her the marble statue in the wood, which had been executed at Rome, under the earl's inspection, and sent by him to Sicily, to be placed in the very spot where he first met its beautiful original. To general observers it was a monument of loveliness. To the guilty mother a record of crime, and a signal for remorse and misery.

Hannah and old O'Brien retain their places, not only in the service and the regard, but—the former more especially—in the hearts of their master and mistress; and fidelity, sown on a generous soil, has produced a full harvest of gratitude.

Father Anselm still lives in his cloister, in the mild enjoyment of a virtuous mind. His written communications with his sister are frequent, and, as I have reason to believe, among her truest gratifications. Little Laurette is by this time a full grown girl; and may soon, as I understand, be in a fair way to give some future writer occasion to say as much for a daughter of *hers*. For a treaty is even now going on for her union with a young German of noble family; and consequently Laura Pemegia, who was introduced to the reader as a child of fourteen, has a chance of becoming a grandmother before four and thirty.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH GLUTTON.

Puisque les choses sont ainsi, je prétends aussi avoir mon franc-parler.

D'ALEMBERT.

THIS is confessedly the age of confession—the era of individuality—the triumphant reign of the first person singular. Writers no longer talk in generals. All their observations are bounded in the narrow compass of self. They think only of number one. *Homo sum* is on the tip of every tongue and the nib of every pen, but the remainder of the sentence is unuttered

and unwritten. The rest of his species is now nothing to any one individual. There are no longer any idiosyncrasies in the understanding of our essayists, for one common characteristic runs through the whole range. Egotism has become as endemical to English literature as the plague to Egypt, or the scurvy to the northern climes. Every thing is involved in the simple possessives *me* and *mine*—and we all cry out in common chorus,

> "What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come mine own?"

Since, then, the whole tribe of which I am an unworthy member, have one by one poured out their souls into the confiding and capacious bosom of the public; since the list of scribblers, great and small, from the author of Eloise to the inventor of Vortigern—since the Wine-drinker, the Opium-eater, the Hypochondriac, and the Hypercritic, have in due succession "told their fatal stories out," I cannot, in justice to my importance, or honesty to the world, leave the blank unfilled, which stands gaping to receive

the Confessions of a Glutton, and thus put the last leaf on this branch of periodical personality.

I have one appalling disadvantage beside my contemporaries, in that want of sympathy which I am sure to experience from readers in general. Many a man will be too happy to acknowledge himself hypochondriacal—it is the fashion. Others are to be found in great abundance who will bravely boast of their spongy intemperance, and be proud of their brotherhood with the drunkard. Even opium-eating, like snuff-taking, may come into vogue, and find unblushing proselytes—but who will profess himself a slave to gluttony—the commonest failing of all? Nevertheless, with all the chances of public odium and private reprobation impending over me, I hasten to the performance of my duty, and I am proud to consider myself a kind of literary Curtius, leaping willingly into the gulf, to save my fellow-citizens by my own sacrifice.

The earliest date which I am able to affix to the development of *my* propensity, is the month of August, 1764, at which period, being then precisely two years and two months old, I re-

member well my aunt Griselda having surprised me in infantine but desperate excess, for which she punished me with a very laudable severity. This circumstance made a great impression on me; and without at all lessening my *propensity*, added considerably to my prudence. My voracity was infinite, and my cunning ran quite in a parallel line. I was

"Fox in stealth, wolf in greediness."

I certainly eat more than any six children, yet I was the very picture of starvation. Lank, sallow, and sorrow-stricken, I seemed the butt against which stinginess had been shooting its shafts. I attacked every one I met with the most clamorous cries for cakes or bread. I watched for visitors, and thrust my hands into their pockets with most piteous solicitings; while aunt Griselda bit her lips for anger, and my poor mother, who was a different sort of person, used to blush to the eyes for shame, or sit silently weeping, as she contemplated the symptoms of my disgraceful and incurable disease. In the mean time every thing was essayed, every

effort had recourse to, to soften down the savageness of my rage for food, or at least to turn what I eat to good account. I was pampered and crammed, with my increasing years, like a Norfolk turkey—I had an unlimited credit at the pastry-cook's shop, and the run of the kitchen at home, but in vain. The machinery of my stomach refused to perform its functions. I think I must have swallowed every thing the wrong way, or have been unconsciously the prey of an interminable intestine war; for every article of sustenance took, as it were, a peculiar and perpendicular growth, but never turned into those lateral folds of flesh, which produce the comfortable clothing of men's ribs in general. At fourteen years of age I was five feet ten inches high, covered almost entirely with the long hair that boys come home with at the Christmas holidays from a Yorkshire cheap academy, my bones forcing their way through my skin, and my whole appearance the fac-simile of famine and disease: yet I never had a complaint, except not getting enough to eat.

I am thus particular as to my appearance at

this period, in the hope, that by this exposure of an unvarnished portrait, I may excite some commiseration for sufferings, which did not proceed from my own wicked will. I was constitutionally a glutton: nature had stamped the impress of greediness upon me at my birth, or before it. In the sucking tenderness of infancy, and the upshooting of boyhood, it was the preponderating characteristic of my nature—no self-begot habit, growing on by little and little, fostered by indulgence, and swelled out, until it became too large for the constitution that enshrined it, like those geese livers which are expanded by a particular preparation, until they become, as a body might say, bigger than the unhappy animals to which they belong. Will you not then, reader, grant me your compassion for my inadvertent enormities? Must I look in vain for the sympathising tear of sensibility falling to wash out the scorching errors of invincible appetite—as forcible at least as the invincible ignorance of heresy, for which even there is hope in the semi-benignant bosom of the church? To you I appeal, ye cooks by profession—ye gormandizers

by privilege—to the whole board of aldermen—to the shade of Mrs. Glass, Dr. Kitchiner, and the rest of the list of gastronomical literati, who, in teaching the world the science of good living, must have some yearnings, one would think, for those victims whom ye lead into the way of temptation.

But lest this unsupported appeal to the melting charities of mankind might be ineffectual in its naked exhibition, I shall proceed to cover it with a short detail of some of the particular horrors to which I have been a prey for upwards of half a century, and I think it must be a hard heart that will then refuse me its pity, and a ravenous maw that will not involuntarily close, to shut out the possibility of suffering like mine.

Up to the age of fifteen, when I presented the appearance faintly sketched above, I may be considered to have gone on mechanically gormandizing, with nothing to distinguish my way of doing so from that common animal appetite which is given, in different proportions, to all that creep, or walk, or swim, or fly. Those

vulgar gluttonies, this eating for eating-sake, unconnected with mental associations, have no interest and no dignity. A man who supplies instinctively his want of food, without choice of taste, is truly *Epicuri de grege porcus*, or may be compared rather to the *Porcus Trojanus* of the ancients, a wild boar stuffed with the flesh of other animals—a savoury, punning parody upon the Trojan horse. Such a man is no better than a digesting automaton—a living mass of forced-meat—an animated sausage.

I was sent home from six successive schools, on various pretences; but the true reason was, that inordinate craving which no indulgence could satisfy. I eat out of all proportion; and my father was obliged to take me entirely to himself. My mother was miserable, but of inexhaustible generosity; my aunt Griselda was dead, and I had no check upon me. Doctors from all parts were consulted on my case. Innumerable councils and consultations were held, ineffectually, to ascertain whether that refrigeration of stomach, which they all agreed was the primal cause of my malady, was joined

with dryness, contraction, vellication, or abstersion. They tried every remedy and every regimen, without success. The fact was, I wanted nothing but food, for which they would have substituted physic: so that between my mother and my doctors, I had both in abundance—and for the mind as well as the body. The Ψυχης Ιατρειον was plentifully supplied me by my father, for I had natural parts, and loved reading. But the whole turn of my studies was bent towards descriptions of feasts and festivals. I devoured all authors, ancient or modern, who bore at all upon my pursuit. Appetite, mental as well as bodily, grew by what it fed on; and I continually chewed, as it were, the cud of my culinary knowledge. I rummaged Aristophanes for the Grecian repast, and thumbed over Macrobius and Martial for the Roman. While seizing on every delicacy within my reach, I feasted my imagination with dainties not to be got at—the Phrygian attican, Ambracian kid, and Melian crane. I revered the memory of Sergius Arata, who, we are told by Pliny, was the inventor of oyster-beds; of Hortensius, the

orator, who first used peacock at supper; of Vitellius, Apicius, and other illustrious Romans,

> "Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts."

These classical associations refined my taste, and seemed to impart a more acute and accurate power to my palate. As I began to feel their influence, I blushed for the former grossness of my nature, and shrunk from the common gratification to which I had been addicted. I felt an involuntary loathing towards edibles of a mean and low-lived nature. I turned with disgust from the common casualties of a family dinner, and began to view with unutterable abhorrence shoulders of mutton, beef and cabbage, and the like. A feeling, I should rather say a *passion*, (the technical phrase at present for every sensation a little stronger than ordinary), a passion seemed to have taken possession of my mind for culinary refinement, dietic dainties—the *delicata fercula*, fit only for superior tastes, but incomprehensible to the profane. A new light seemed breaking in upon me; a new sense, or at least

a considerable improvement on my old sense of tasting, seemed imparted to me by miracle. My notions of the dignity of appetite became expanded; I no longer looked on man as a mere masticating machine, the butcher and sepulchre of the animal world. I took a more elevated view of his powers and properties, and I felt as though imbued with an essence of pure and ethereal epicurism, if I may so express myself—and why may I not!—my contemporaries would not flinch from the phrase.

My father was a plain sort of man—liked plain speaking, plain feeding, and so on. But he had his antipathies—and among them was roast-pig. Had he lived to our times, he might probably have been won over by a popular essay on the subject, which describes, in pathetic phrase, the manifold delights attending on that dish—the fat, which is no fat—the lean which is not lean—the eyes melting from their sockets, and other tender touches of description. Be this as it may, my unenlightened parent would never suffer roast-pig upon his table, and so it happened, that, at sixteen years of age, I had

never seen one. But on the arrival of that anniversary, I was indulged by my mother with a most exquisite and tender two-months porker, in all its sucking innocence, and succulent delight, as the prime dish in that annual birth-day feast, to which I was accustomed—in my own apartment—all doors closed—no ingress allowed—no intruding domestics—no greedy companions to divide my indulgences—no eyes to stare at me, or rob me of a portion of the pleasure with which I eat in, as it were, in vision, the spirit of every anticipated preparation, while savoury fragrance was wafted to my brain, and seemed to float over my imagination in clouds of incense, at once voluptuous and invigorating. Ah, this is the true enjoyment of a feast! On the present occasion, I sat in the full glory of my solitude—sublimely individual, as the Grand Lama of Thibet, or the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The door was fastened—the servant evaporated—a fair proportion of preparatory foundation—soup, fish, &c.—had been laid in, *secundum artem*—the *mensa prima*, in short, was just dispatched, when I gently raised the cover from

the dish, where the beautiful porker lay smoking in his bright brown symmetry of form and hue, enveloped in a vapour of rich deliciousness, and floating in a gravy of indescribable perfection! After those delightful moments of dalliance (almost dearer to the epicure than the very fulness of actual indulgence) were well over—after my palate was prepared by preliminary inhalements of the odorous essence—I seized my knife and fork, and plunged *in medias res.* Never shall I forget the flavour of the first morsel—it was sublime! But oh! it was, as I may say, the last; for losing, in the excess of over-enjoyment, all presence of mind and management of mouth, I attacked, without economy or method, my inanimate victim. It was one of my boyish extravagances to conform myself in these my solitary feasts to the strict regulations of Roman custom. I began with an egg, and ended with an apple, and flung into the fire-place (as there was no fire, it being the summer season) a little morsel, as an offering to the *dii patellarii.* On this occasion, however, I forgot myself and my habits—I rushed, as it were, upon my prey—

slashed right and left, through crackling, stuffing, body, and bones. I flung aside the knife and fork—seized in my hands the passive animal with indiscriminate voracity—thrust whole ribs and limbs at once into my mouth—crammed the delicious ruin by wholesale down my throat, until at last my head began to swim—my eyes seemed starting from their sockets—a suffocating thickness seemed gathering in my throat—a fulness of brain seemed bursting through my skull—my veins seemed swelled into gigantic magnitude—I lost all reason and remembrance, and fell, in that state, fairly under the table.

This, reader, is what we call, in common phrase, a surfeit. But what language may describe its consequences, or give a just expression to the sufferings it leaves behind? The first awakening from the apoplectic trance, as the lancet of the surgeon gives you a hint that you are alive, when the only taste upon the tongue—the only object in the eye—the only flavour in the nostril, is the once-loved, but now deep-lothed dish! The deadly sickening with which one turns, and twists, and closes one's lids, and

holds one's nose, and smacks one's lips—to shut out, and stifle, and shake off the detested sight, and smell, and taste:—but in vain, in vain, in vain! But let me not press the point. Forty-two years have passed since that memorable day—forty thousand recollections of that infernal pig have flashed across my brain, and fastened on my palate, and fumigated my olfactories; and there they are, every one, as fresh—what do I say?—a million times more fresh and intolerable than ever! Faugh!—It comes again.

But if such were some of the local and particular waking miseries of my excess, what, oh, what tongue may give utterance to, what pen pourtray, the intolerable terrors of my *dreaming* hours? For many months of my protracted and painful re-establishment, I dreamt every night—not one respite for at least three hundred weary and wasting days—quotidian repetitions of visions, each one more hideous than the former. I dreamt, and dreamt, and dreamt—of what? Of pig—pig—pig—nothing but pig. Pork, in all its multiplied and multiform modifications, was ever before me. Every possible

form or preparation into which imagination could convert the hated animal, was everlastingly dangling in my sight, running around me, pursuing and persecuting me, in all the aggravation of the most exaggerated monstrosities. The scenery which accompanied these animal illustrations was always in keeping with the sickening subject. Sometimes, as I began to doze away in the mellow twilight of an autumn evening, or the frosty rarefaction of a winter's day, or a day in spring, it was all one—a sudden expansion of vision has begun to open upon me; and be it remembered that I always fancied myself of Hebrew extraction, Abraham, or Joseph, or Isaac—a Rabanite or a Caraite, as the case might be—the high-priest of the synagogue, or an old clothes-man; but in all cases a Jew, with every religious predilection and antipathy strong fixed in my breast. A sudden expansion of vision, I say, began to open upon me—vast wildernesses spread far around—rocks of tremendous aspect seemed toppling from mountains of the most terrific elevation. The forms of the former were

of the strangest fantasy, but all presented some resemblance to a boar's head; while the hills showed invariably, in their naked and barren acclivities, an everlasting sameness of strata, that presented the resemblance of veiny layers of pickled pork; and the monstrous flowers with which the earth was bespread were never-ending representations of rashers and eggs! A sickness and faintness always began to seize upon me at these sights; and, turning my glances upwards, I was sure to see the clouds impregnated with fantastic objects, all arising out of associations connected with my antipathy and loathing. Gigantic hams were impending over my head, and threatening to crush me with their weight. My eyes sunk, and I caught the peaks of the horrid hills frizzled with the grinning heads, and pointed with the tusks of the detested animal. The branches of the trees were all at once converted to twisted and curling pig-tails. Atoms then seemed springing from the sand; they were soon made manifest in all the capers and gambols of a litter of sucking gruntlings. They began to multiply—with what

frightful celerity! The whole earth was in a moment covered with them, of all possible varieties of colours. They began to grow bigger, and instantaneously they gained dimensions that no *waking* eye can bring into any possible admeasurement. I attempted to run from them: they galloped after me in myriads, grunting in friendly discord, while magical knives and forks seemed stuck in their hams, as they vociferated in *their* way, "Come eat me, come eat me!" At other times I pursued them, in the frenzy of my despair, endeavouring to catch them, but in vain; every tail was soaped, and as they slipped through my fingers they sent forth screams of the most excruciating sharpness, and a laugh of hideous mockery, crying in damnable chorus, "What a *bore!* what a *bore!*" "Bubble and squeak! Bubble and squeak!" with other punning and piggish impertinencies of the same cut and pattern. Then, again, an individual wretch would contract himself to a common-sized hog, and, rushing from behind between my legs, scamper off with me whole leagues across the desert; then, gradually expanding to

his former monstrous magnitude, rise up with me into the skies, that seemed always receding from our approach, and stretching out to an interminable immensity; when the horrid brute on which I was mounted would give a sudden kick and grunt, and fling me off; and I tumbled headlong down thousands of thousands of fathoms, till I was at length landed in a pig-stye, at the very bottom of all bottomless pits.

At other times I used to imagine myself suddenly placed in the heart of a pork-shop. In a moment I was assailed by the most overpowering steams of terrible perfume, the gravy of the fatal dish floating round my feet, and clouds of suffocating fragrance almost smothering me as I stood. On a sudden every thing began to move; immense Westphalian hams flapped to and fro, banged against my head, and beat me from one side of the shop to the other—huge flitches of bacon fell upon me, and pressed me to the ground, while a sea of the detestable gravy flowed in upon me, and over me. Then frightful pigs' faces joined themselves together, and caught me in their jaws;—when, called in

by my shriek, which was the expected signal for their operations, three or four horrid-looking butchers rushed upon me, and, as a couple of of them pinioned and held me down on my back, another stuffed me to choking with pork-pies, until I awoke more dead than alive.

Once, and once only, I had a vision connected with this series of suffering, which I must relate, from its peculiar nature, and as the origin of a popular hoax long afterwards put upon the world. I dreamt one night, that preparations were making, on a most splendid scale, for my marriage with a very beautiful girl of our neighbourhood, to whom I was (whatever my readers may think) very tenderly attached. The ceremony was to take place, methought, in Canterbury cathedral. I was all at once seized with a desire to examine the silent solemnity of the Gothic pile. I entered, I forget how. A rich strain of music was poured from the organ-loft. A mellow stream of light flowed in through the stained glass of the windows. I was quite alone, and the most voluptuous tide of thought stole upon my mind. While I stood thus in the mid-

dle of the aisle, a distant door opened, and the bridal party entered. My affianced spouse, surrounded by a clustre of friends, glittering with brilliant ornaments, and glowing in beauty, approached me. I advanced to meet her, in unutterable delight; when, as I drew near, I saw that the appearance of every thing began to change. The pillars seemed suddenly converted to huge Bologna sausages; the various figures of saints and angels, painted on the windows, were altered into portraits of black porkers; the railings of the different enclosures took the curved form of spare-ribs; the walls were hung with pig-skin tapestry; the beautiful melody just before played on the organ, was followed by a lively and familiar tune, and a confusion of voices sung,

"The pigs they lie," etc.

while a discordant chorus of diabolical grunting, wound up each stanza. In the mean time the bride approached; but what horror accompanied her! The wreath of roses braided round her head, was all at once a twisted band

of black-puddings. Hog's bristles shot out from the roots of what was so lately her golden hair; a thin string of sausages took place of her diamond necklace; her bosom was a piece of brawn; her muslin robe became a piebald covering of ham-sandwiches; her white satin shoes were kicked, oh, horror! off a pair of pettitoes; and her beautiful countenance—swallow me, ye wild boars!—presented but the hideous spectacle, since made familiar to the public, under the figure of THE PIG-FACED LADY!!! Hurried on by an irresistible and terrible impulse, I rushed forward, though with loathing, to embrace her; when instantly the detested odour of the hateful gravy came upon me once more; the pillars of the cathedral swelled out to an enormous circumference, and burst in upon me with a loud explosion; the roof fell down with a fearful crash, and overwhelmed me with a shower of legs of pork and pease-pudding; while, in the agony of my desperation, I caught in my arms my hideous bride, whose deep-brown skin crackled in my embrace, as I pressed to my bursting bosom the everlasting

fac-simile of *a roast pig!*—In after years I took a fit of melancholy enjoyment, in setting afloat the humbug of the pig-faced lady.

I will not press upon the reader the manifold miseries that attended upon subsequent surfeits, for a period of more than five-and-twenty years. From what I have feebly sketched, some notion may be conceived of the nature and extent of my disorder. I need not, therefore, dwell on the consequences of my second memorable excess, which took place on the occasion of my eating turtle-soup for the first time. The misery in this matter was more from fright than from repletion; for when, after the sacrifice of repeated helpings of calipash and calipee, I found my teeth immoveably stuck together—in the style which my city readers well understand—I was seized with the horrible conviction that I had got a locked-jaw. Imagination worked so powerfully on this occasion, that when I had pulled my mouth wide open, beyond even its natural capacity (which is not trifling, believe me, reader), I sat for hours, roaring out for a dentist to punch in two or three of my front

teeth, that I might get some sustenance introduced through a quill. Even when I perfectly recovered my senses, I was long before I could bear to sit a moment with my mouth shut, from the dread of a return of my imagined danger. Then came the *dreaming* again—the crawling tortoises; the clammy, glutinous liquid; the green fat—but enough of this!

Repeated sufferings like these broke in upon the crust of my constitution, if I may use the trope; so that when I became of age, and possessed of a good fortune without incumbrance, by the demise of my father, and the second marriage of my mother (who by that step forfeited her jointure, and with *it* every claim on my regard,) I was in appearance a middle-aged man, and in mind a septuagenary. I, like old Burton, had "neither wife nor children"—my early attachment—my beautiful neighbour—the prototype—spare me the repetition, reader!—but *she*, you know, *she*—the LADY was lost to me for ever! She had but one failing, poor girl—nervousness, just then coming first into fashion; and she took it strongly into her head, that if

she married me, I should play the part of the wolf with the Little Red Riding-Hood, and eat her up one night in bed. To avoid this unusual and uncomfortable consummation of our nuptials, she discarded my suit altogether, and I lost her for ever. To get over the effects of this blow, I resolved to look for consolation in the joys of foreign cookery. I determined to travel, and I did travel, in pursuit of what I never have been able to discover—the art of allaying an uncontrollable appetite. As for the love affair, I soon swallowed my grief.

I shall not enumerate my adventures in distant countries, nor detail my observations on objects foreign to my purpose. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* I shall therefore merely say, that having eaten frogs in France, macaroni at Naples, ollapodrida in Spain, opium in Turkey, camel's-flesh in Egypt, horse-flesh in Arabia, elephant-flesh in India, cat's-flesh in China, and hog's-flesh—no, never, never after the affair of the pig—it was a slip of the pen— I returned to England to sit down to plain beef and mutton; convinced that I had come back to the

real, healthy honest standard of good taste. In the broad interval, however, which I have jumped over so rapidly, I had many and many a visiting of direful consequence. At one time I fancied that I was doomed to die of starvation, and the excruciating agonies then endured from cholics and indigestions, (proceeding from my even more than natural efforts to eat up to the standard of sufficiency,) beggar all description. On another occasion a horrid apprehension oppressed me, that I should one day—but how express myself in English? I cannot; and I should have been silent perforce, did not the *delicacies* of the French language come in to my aid—that I should, one day, *me crever le ventre!* To guard against this expected calamity, I had a pair of stays made—yes, reader, I was the first of the dandies—the lacing and unlacing of which, before and after meals, was attended with torments more horrible than those pelting and pitiless showers imagined by Dante for the Gluttons of his Inferno.

I forget precisely how many years have elapsed since the exhibition of fat Lambert. It is

enough to know, that I went to the show. I saw him—Would that I never had! Oh, Heavens! what agonies has that sight cost me! The bystanders who observed me as I entered the room, burst into a loud and involuntary laugh—and no blame to them; for never was there a more ludicrous contrast than Lambert was to me, and I to Lambert. I am six feet five inches and a half high in my stockings; extremely like Justice Shallow, only taller, "like to a man made after supper of cheese-parings, for whom the case of a treble hautboy would make a mansion;" —and, I will venture to say that the skeleton of the Irish giant, dressed in my habiliments, and its back turned, might be taken for my figure by my nearest acquaintance. You all remember, readers, what Lambert's figure was. I do, alas! at any rate!—The very instant I saw him, the notion struck me that I had become his second-self—his ditto—his palpable echo—his substantial shadow—that the observers laughed at our "double transformation," for he was become me at the same time that I was exhibiting as he then was—and, finally, that I

was dying of excessive fat. The idea was like an electric shock, and in one moment I felt that the double identity was completed—that the metamorphosis of Salmacis and her lover was acted over again in the persons of myself and the fat man—that I, in short, was Lambert, and Lambert me!—I shot out of the exhibition room—rushed into the street—quitted the confines of the city—ran up towards Hampstead-hill—tried back again, and made off in the direction of the river, endeavouring in vain to shake off the horrid phantasm that had seized upon my mind. I darted along with lightning-speed; my long legs seemed to fling themselves out spontaneously, as if they no more belonged to me than Mazurier's do to him, yet I fancied that I crept with the pace of a tortoise—that my fat totally prevented my quicker motion—that I should be crushed to death between the hedges, the turnpikes, or the carriages that passed me—and thus I ran in the middle of the road, vociferating for assistance, fighting against the foul fiend, and followed by a crowd of draggle-tailed blackguards, till I reached the banks of the river, and

saw myself reflected in the stream. Oh, Heavens! what a delightful sight was that!

"Then like Narcissus ——"

But I must leave the quotation unfinished, and come at last to a full stop; for I fear I am trenching upon the privilege—poaching upon the preserve—of some contemporary hypochondriac. If so, if any may have led the way in giving to the world, like me, their *real unexaggerated* confessions, I can only complain, with the modern poet who accused Shakspeare of forestalling his thoughts, that they, be they who they may, have very unhandsomely and plagiaristically anticipated my own original lucubrations. And now having fairly unbosomed my sins, if they are sins, I trust to receive from a grateful public, in whose interest alone have I compiled these sheets, the absolution which should always follow confession. Then, as is usual in these cases, having disgorged my over-loaded conscience, I may be allowed to return to my *old courses*—following in this the example of Cæsar, who, according to Cicero,

post cœnam vomere volebat, ideoque largius edebat. Should any harsh hearer or rigorous reader be inclined to constrain the bowels of his compassion, and still deny me pardon, to him I beg to propose a question in the words of our immortal bard, which he may answer the first time we meet at dinner,—

> —— "If little faults
> Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
> When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
> Appear before us."

[Should the authors of any of the Confessions alluded to in the preceding paper, discover it to be a parody upon some of them, I am sure they will good-humouredly excuse it; and recollect that no imitation can be a more positive acknowledgment of the merits and popularity of a work, than the (would-be) gaiety of a burlesque.]

A

SABBATH IN LONDON.

An Englishman who has passed seven consecutive years on the continent, might be fairly reckoned an eighth "sleeper." His eyes have been open, 'tis true, but he has been virtually visionless—a wonder-seeking somnambulist—cheated by a dream of splendour and variety, but unblest by any "sober certainty of waking bliss," or actual reality of comfortable enjoyment. Comfort! how that word will come into the sentence in spite of me! It is hacknied, worn-out, threadbare: I know it is. But what then? Must I discard it on that account? Must I not speak the truth, because it is a truism? Must I not bask in the sunshine,

because the sun has shone since the creation? Must I inly adore and idolize this word, but never utter it, like the Hebrew who closes his lips on the sacred syllables of the Cabala, uprising from his heart? It is in vain to think of baulking my fancy. I cannot write this paper without *comfort* being its staple, for I write it in the central sanctuary of happiness—in the *penetralia* of enjoyment—at home:—and with comfort and cleanliness for my *Dii Penates*, I freely grant to cavillers against common-place the right of laughing at me.

The steam-boat, like a great sea-monster winging its way through the waters, bore me across the Channel in three hours, and disgorged me and a hundred other passengers on the Quay of Dover, one Saturday afternoon in the month of September last. The weather was calm, the sea smooth, the sun clear. Every thing, in short, conspired around the shores of England to give the lie to those prattling impertinences which I had been latterly accustomed to, about eternal fogs, and clouds, and vapours. But on landing I was electrically struck by

observing the compact and diminutive look of every thing. I had been so long surrounded by extravagant and disproportioned combinations, that the thrill of pleasure on touching the *solum natale* was for a moment checked. I shrunk, like Mimosa, at the touch of morality, or, by a plainer and better illustration, like a snail into its shell. But when I got fairly within the comfortable contraction, I was much more at my ease, and I experienced a relief as instantaneous as little Poucet must have enjoyed when he flung off the jack-boots of the Giant. I was at once reduced to my fitting scale and level, and an instant sufficed to make me appreciate the contrast of what I felt with what I had been feeling. I saw at a glance that all I had been so long accustomed to was unnatural and artificial; that the whole surface on which I had for years been floating, was swelled out beyond its due proportions; society puffed up, like the frog in the fable; bloated bubbles waiting only to be pricked to make them burst; and men, so many political Titans, waging war against Na-

ture, and buried under the elements they are unable to wield.

These were rapid associations running down the chain of thought; yet all this, and much more, rushed on my mind, on looking at the short-set, small-windowed, narrow-doored, two-storied residences ranged on the Quay of Dover. Every thing which followed was qualified to strengthen this impression. The snug parlour in which I dined; the light carriage in which I placed myself to start for the metropolis; the narrow roads, compact inclosures, neat gardens, and natty cottages, as we rattled out of the town, all made me understand that I was no longer in Brobdignag. The very boots of the postilion taught me a lesson of humility.

It was evening when I quitted Dover. The sun was sinking behind the Kentish hills, throwing a rich glare on the hop-gardens—a million times more lovely than the vineyards of Italy or France; and he was covered as he went down by a huge cloud, its edges fringed with his golden beams, and its broad shades throwing a solem-

nity on the effulgence of his descent. The full moon soon rose upon us, almost as bright as day; and with the beautiful country thus illuminated for me, and my heart penetrated with "a sacred and home-felt delight," I travelled the whole night, without closing my eyes. At five o'clock in the morning the carriage entered the yard of the Golden Cross. Every thing was still as we drove over Westminster-bridge and up Whitehall—no labourers of any kind to be seen. The repose seemed more than natural, but was not the less impressive on that account. It was quite unlike what I had remembered of a summer morning in London: but I believe it was the first *Sunday* morning I had been in the streets so early. By ten o'clock I had got rid of the discomforts consequent on three nights' travelling—had given vent to my admiration of the comparative cleanliness of this inelegant inn with the state of the most magnificent foreign hotel—and had finished my breakfast of tea and French bread, as they call those rolls, which are, by the way, as like *French* bread, as some other necessaries of life, which the French call

à l'Anglaise, are like *their* originals. I then sallied out to pay several visits, where I hoped to make some fine experiments of the effects of a pleasant surprise.

I proceeded towards Grosvenor-square, and stepping up to the door of an old chum of mine, I raised the brazen visage that served for a knocker, and struck a blow, strong and heavy, with that ponderous implement. The sound reverberated through the house, answered by the cheerless echoes of emptiness. A woman, however, came out into the area below, and cried shrilly,

"What the devil d'ye make that noise for, d'ye hear? couldn't you ring the bell, eh? What d'ye want?"

Rough manners, thought I, but this is English independence, which levels ranks and soars above distinctions of sex. "Why, mistress, I want your master, by your leave."

"Do you, indeed! an' you want him, e'en go and look him out near Norwich, d'ye hear?"—and muttering something, God knows what, but certainly nothing civil, she re-

tired into the passage, and I lost her—perhaps for ever. I comprehended perfectly that my friend T. was down at his place in Norfolk, for the partridge-shooting; but I was sadly puzzled to know the meaning of his housekeeper's want of ceremony. I looked at myself right and left, saw that my coat was good, a watch in my fob, and various other indications of gentility, all as they should be; but my English readers will scarcely credit, that it was three hours afterwards before sundry such receptions reminded me that a single knock at the door was an official announcement that the hand which struck it was plebeian; and that all ranks are now-a-days dressed so much alike, that the man who has not the dandy knack of tying his cravat, may vainly hope to escape being occasionally confounded with his servant.

Several other attempts had the same success—for what with the sea and Scotland, the country and the continent, I found that London was nearly depopulated. "Well, well," said I, as I turned into Burton-crescent, "I am sure of finding my old friend Mrs. W. and her maiden

daughter, at least; they are none of your migratory misses, who take their annual flight to wells or watering-places; they are sure to be in London all the year round."—"Will you have the goodness to tell Mrs. W. that a gentleman wishes to see her, Ma'am," said I, touching my hat to the scullion-looking wench who opened the door—for I began to learn humility.

"Sir," replied she, "Mrs. W. is at Fonthill, with her daughter."

"What! at Mr. B.'s?"

"Yes, Sir, I believe that's the gemman's name."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, "guests at Fonthill! and *ladies* too! Heavens! how times and customs are changed since I was in Wiltshire!"—But the newspapers told me the secret next morning.

But this is too bad, thought I: no one in town—all my friends absent—and I a perfect stranger in the land! Come, come, I will bend my steps to my old camp-companion R——, who has thrown aside his sword as assistant-surgeon, and taken up his pestle as a master-

apothecary. He will moralize with me on thousands of past scenes—he will tell me, with his old good-humoured quaintness, the merits of the last new actor—detail to me the *minutiæ* of the last pitched battle, and shake my right hand with the same honest grasp as when he put me into the Dover coach seven years ago, slipping into my left a box of antibilious pills, with strenuous advice to get rid of the effects of my fever, and avoid every thing heating but ginger and Cayenne pepper. In the direction of his well-remembered residence I accordingly proceeded; and, after many wanderings in divers beautiful streets, crescents, and quadrants, and wonderings at *dis*orders of architecture, unrivalled in the wildest absurdities of Moorish, Chinese, or Egyptian design, which are, to quote an old author describing what must have been the prototype of Regent-street, &c. "licentious, fantastical, wild, and chimerical, whose profiles are incorrect, and whose imagery lamentable;" after exhausting my admiration at the general improvements of this part of the town, and my astonishment at the absurdity of their details, I

was at last constrained to ask my way to the house of my old acquaintance. Imagine, good reader, my utter amazement when I learned that the spacious and splendid opening in which I proposed my inquiry to an old Irish apple-woman (who decorated a corner, and puffed off the contents of her wheelbarrow, with a twang of the brogue and a touch of the blarney that to *me* was most mellifluous) was nothing less than the old, tottering, filthy passage, designated in my days of boyhood—*i. e.* seven years ago—Swallow-street; and that still, as if in mockery of the past, it retained its pristine appellation; but not the most gentle of my readers can well suppose the shock I received, upon learning from my sympathising informant that honest Jack R—— was no more; that not a vestige of his house, nor the remnant of a pill-box, not a grain of his powders, nor a drop of his phials, but were many a day buried in the rubbish of the old crazy habitation, and its very site forgotten but by two or three poor patients and pensioners, who went now and then, as the old apple-woman told me, "to drop a salt tear upon

the spot, to presarve the memory of the kindest-hearted sowl and most cleverest 'potecary, as ever gave comfort to a sore heart, or physic to a sick stomach."

I was sick at heart myself, and as I strolled some time longer in the noontide stillness of the squares and streets, a solemnity of feeling stole insensibly across my mind. There was something powerfully impressive in the contrast exhibited by this Sunday solitude in the midst of the most populous city of Europe, with the bustling holiday enjoyment of continental towns. When I thought of the Corso of Rome, the Prado of Madrid, and the Boulevards of Paris, I could not help moralizing and philosophizing awhile. The novelty of the actual scene before me struck forcibly on my senses, and its *policy* gave ample employment for reflection. Some hours' pondering on the question resolved themselves to a decision, and I thought myself then, and I think so even now, tolerably fitted to come to a fair judgment; for I had the seven years' force of prime-of-life observation on the one hand, and the whole strength of three times

that period of early impression on the other—all kept in balance by the temperate and unbiassed desire for determining with truth. I think, then, decidedly, that the Sunday recreations of the Continent are, after all, to be preferred to the Sabbath solemnity of England; that the permission to be gay on one day in the week is more likely to raise the mind in cheerfulness to Heaven, than the command to be dull; that the evils consequent on dancing are light in comparison with those which attend on drunkenness; and that policy, piety, manners, and morals, stand, every one, a better chance of being served in the ball-room than in the gin-shop. I do not, however, while advocating universal enjoyment, object to occasional humiliations; and I think a day, now and then, of denial and gloom, might produce on the multitude an effect such as I myself then experienced, but which a weekly recurrence unquestionably fails to bring about. The Fasti and the Festivals, the Saturnalia and the Carnival, of ancient and modern Rome, have caused, and do cause, by their frequency and their licen-

tiousness, but a weariness of dissipation, which it is vain to call pleasure. Arguing by analogy, I may safely say that the rigid observance of our Sundays is productive less of religion than of lassitude; while the incongruity of throwing wide the public-houses, and closing up the most harmless exhibitions, makes me blush that in a land of such true and wise enjoyment, cant and hypocrisy should be found sufficiently strong to sanction and uphold the degrading anomaly.

But I am afraid of treating flippantly this serious subject. It has puzzled wiser heads than mine; and I can only repeat, that the impression made on me was certainly great, and I believe good. My thoughts seemed to run in quest of some object to repose on, or at least of some place where they might fittingly pursue their serious and measured march. I felt a sort of pious pride amid my loneliness: and I dwelt pleasedly on the literal truth—*Magna civitas, magna solitudo.* I had no longer any desire to meet an acquaintance or recognise a friend. I avoided the way to the lounging places, and strolled thoughtfully on to

the Regent's park, near which I lost myself in a wilderness of cottages and villas, that had sprung up like magic since my last visit to London. One little piece of classic curiosity here particularly struck my attention. It was a brass plate on a door, with the inscription "DIGAMMA COTTAGE," which was chosen, I suppose, to puzzle the vulgar; while the *F* placed above it, though comprehensible to the learned, serves only to announce to the common eye, through its resemblance to one of the characters of our alphabet, the name of the celebrated owner. This information I obtained from a butcher's boy who was passing, and who assured me that "the F stood for Foscolo, the great Italian poet, and that Digamma was the Latin for *Die Game*;" which proved, what all the world said, that he was a true patriot into the bargain!

Evening was closing in. I bethought me of my distance from any place likely to afford refreshment, so I turned my face to the east, like the ancient Haruspices, when they contemplated a sacrifice or a feast. The streets became gra-

dually more and more deserted, and I walked on listlessly through the whole line of squares, till I found myself opposite the peristyle of St. Martin's church. I gazed awhile in admiration of this beautiful edifice, and stooped down astonished to perceive that I strolled upon tombstones in the very highway, whose half-worn inscriptions I puzzled myself to decipher, with as much earnestness and as little success as attended Dr. Clarke's attempts to elucidate the meaning of the hieroglyphics of the pillar of ON, in the land of Goshen. While thus occupied, I caught a low murmured succession of monotonous sounds, which seemed to come from within. A door was half open. I cautiously entered the church, and the hollow accents of the curate's voice, and the nasal tones of the clerk, who snuffled out the responses of the evening service, told me that I was in the house of prayer; where literally *two or three* were gathered together. What a contrast to the gaudy, fine dressed, flaunting display, assembled under the same dome that morning! But the immediate and direct appeal to the heart came

too forcibly to allow me to indulge in reflections of bitterness. The most brilliant congregation in the universe—the most overflowing appearance of piety and pomp—could not have done me half so much good as the twilight loneliness of the church, the faint ray falling through the stained glass on the white surplice of the curate, whose calm demeanor, Welsh accent, and simple garb, assorted so well with the homeliness and humility of original christianity. The service went slowly on—no hurrying nor slurring, because the great folks of the parish were away—and the blessing being over, the worthy minister walked from the reading-desk, preceded by the clerk, and advanced in the direction where I stood leaning against a pillar. When he reached the north-west corner of the church, I discovered to my great surprise, three women and as many men, each couple provided with an infant, all of whom had slept as soundly during the service, as the bishop is said to do during an ordination sermon. The little things were now, however, roused by their intended godfathers and godmothers, and the ceremony of the christening

commenced. Its simple solemnity was really and irresistibly affecting. The quiet conduct of the women, and the pastoral air of the minister, the steady visage of the old clerk, and the absence of all the stateliness of superstition, formed a combination of much which must have attended the primitive plainness of our religion, when it held no mystery and knew no trick. I contrasted all this with the gilt gingerbread processions and paltry mummeries I had had before my eyes for the last seven years. I was considerably moved by the scene before me. I am not ashamed to acknowledge even, that when the clergyman read the beautiful passage from the Gospel of St. Mark, beginning, "They brought young children to Christ," I felt my eyes brim full of tears; and when I heard the plaintive cries of the little innocents, as he sprinkled them with the water for "the mystical washing away of sin," my cheeks confessed a moisture, which seemed to me, at the moment, not quite unsanctified.

When the parents retired with their precious charges, and the shadow of the clergyman faded

in the distance of the side aisle, and the feeble step of the old clerk died away at the door of the vestry, I went out into the street. It was almost dark. The little lamps began to throw forth their twinkling light, mingled here and there with the brilliant illumination from a gas-conductor. I pursued my way rapidly to my inn, avoiding to cast my eyes to the right or the left, for fear of being shocked by the opening orgies of the night-revellers; those sabbath-offerings of the dissolute, which, in my actual mood, would have been insupportably revolting.

A CITY FEAST.

Among the things to be seen and observed in great cities, are the courts of princes, the courts of justice, &c. &c.; as for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not be put in mind of them.

BACON'S *Essays*.

IF it must be confessed that anticipations of pleasure generally end in disappointment, it is no less true that matters from which we expect only dissatisfaction, often turn out to be very agreeable. I never saw a prize-fight but once; and I remember well that I approached the scene of combat certain of coming away disgusted. The result was, however, different. I went, from the laudable curiosity of witnessing a national peculiarity, (although not included

in my Lord Verulam's list,) and I met the reward of my spirit of research, in seeing an animating display of courage, force, and skill. The distance at which the spectators were placed beyond "the ring" allowed them to observe all that was inspiring in the scene—the vigorous forms, graceful attitudes, determined looks, and strenuous exertions of the pugilists; but it kept them far enough away to lose every thing repulsive—the blood (scarcely allowed to gush forth when wiped away by the seconds), the discoloured faces, the exhaustion of frame, and convulsive agitation of nerve and muscle. We saw the bravery, we forgot the brutality; we were kept in a state of strong excitement; and being as well wound up (and almost as ready to strike) as the stop-watch which the umpire held in his hand, we never lagged in interest till the blow which decided the battle; and we left the ground, at least some of us, astonished at ourselves and all around us. This is a case in point.

What are the notions of the uninitiated respecting a city feast? Are they not com-

pounded of contempt and loathing? Do we not picture to ourselves the most odious excesses of gluttony, cramming, swilling, and repletion—indigestion, black faces, and apoplectic fits? I am quite certain that the image of a single alderman at dinner (if such has ever crossed the fancy of the reader) was in itself enough to produce these associations. What then was to be expected from the idea of the whole corporation together, met in solemn conclave to celebrate, over turtle and venison, the election of the city chiefs! "No matter," thought I, "I will accept the invitation, steel myself against the disgust, and witness this new exhibition of life, so utterly unknown by us men of the west, in our hereditarily comparative lack of wisdom."

There was something propitiating in the name of the place where the dinner was to be given. "Stationers' Hall" read well on the broad printed card of invitation. This smacks of literature, thought I, and savours of civilization. Had it been 'Fishmongers' Hall,' or 'Butchers' Hall,' or 'Bakers' Alley,' or 'The

Poultry,' I verily believe my squeamishness would have triumphed over my curiosity, and the anticipated steams of a surfeit have risen in the throat of my imagination, to prevent my being of the party. Then I heard that one of the sheriffs, the senior one too, was an eminent publisher. That looked well. It was giving literature, in the person of its civic representative, the whip-hand over sadlery, the profession of the junior; and having myself a sort of smattering of "the bookish trade," I was put in perfect good temper, by what I could not help considering a personal compliment.

Being rather ignorant of the city topography, east of Temple Bar, I threw myself upon the guidance and guardianship of the driver of the jarvey, which I had hired for the occasion. He drove me to the top of an eminence near St. Paul's, and pulled up, in the midst of a crowd of carriages, at the entrance of a narrow passage on the left. In a moment I was under the portico, and on the steps of the entrance into Stationers' Hall, and making my way through a group of livery servants, (or livery *men*, Heaven

knows which I should call them,) I mingled with the crowd that was assembled in the dinner-room.

A gentleman in black took my card: another ushered me through an alley of tables, decked with festoons of roses (to be presently sported under by the aldermanic *cupidons*)—and then up some half-dozen steps, into a drawing-room, hung with portraits of old citizens, and other less appropriate pictures, and nearly filled by the entertainers and their guests. I was quite astounded by the display of corporation costume. About every fifth man wore a robe, of one colour or another; about every tenth a gold chain; one in the hundred bore a broad badge of honour on his breast, in the form of a silver plate; and there were civic dignitaries of various degrees, from members of the Stationers' Company up to the Lord Mayor. It was altogether a goodly company. I am fond of representative assemblies, shewing the props and ornaments of corporate power and glory; and here was an epitome of the greatness of the greatest city in the world! All the nauseous accessaries

of filthy trade were kept apart; and I saw before me the pith and marrow, without the details, of the warehouses, and banking houses, and counting-houses, and custom-houses of London.

I was beginning to get entangled in rather an agreeable labyrinth of thought, when a loud buzz announced the coming of something more than common—some one superior to the "small deer" that dropped in one by one to fill up the herd around me. "The Right Honourable George Canning!" roared out in Stentorian tone, by the servant at the door (or the usher, or the secretary, for I am unaffectedly afraid of getting into mistakes,) was the signal for the entrance of the minister. He has a fine head certainly--Spurzheim could not deny it, and a corresponding person—I defy Chantry to contradict me; but as I am not minister of the *interior*, "further this deponent knoweth not." Dinner, which had been kept waiting for him and his fidus Achates, Mr. Huskisson, was now evidently making its way towards the table in the next room; for I saw several knowing-looking fellows elbowing through the crowd,

and going breast high towards the savoury odour which came in upon us, like a pack of fox hounds in full chase. I was hustled about without ceremony, and sadly puzzled what to do with myself, when to my great delight I espied a very pleasant fellow, whom I had frequently met at parties in the west end of the town, shoving his way towards me. I, like the tail of a well-pleased dog, was determined to be waggish on this occasion, and put on a look of anti-recognition.

"How does my good friend?" cried he, stretching out his hand.

"Well, God-a-mercy," replied I, as Hamlet did to Polonius.

"Do you not know me?" asked he, taking the cue.

"Excellent well; you are a *fishmonger*," said I.

"Egad, you have it," cried he, laughing—"a sort of fishmonger, it is true; I am a *place*-hunter, my friend, just now; so come along: I saw your name on the sheriff's list, and I con-

trived to get you the seat next my own—in the very heart of the feast too."

"Not among the aldermen, I hope," said I.

"No, no; among the *authors*, you dog; in the feast of reason and the flow of ——"

"What the deuce," interrupted I, "have the sheriffs had the cruelty to ask any of that tribe, and add to their irritability by a tantalizing taste of these doings?"

"Ay, that they have," replied he; "and I'll lay my life on it, that after you have spent this evening in their circle, you will allow *the tribe* to be the very essence of the invited."

We were soon seated at the end of one of the three tables which were appropriated for the leather and prunella part of the assemblage, and which shot down in parallel lines from the top piece, where sat the higher classes of the company—the city chiefs, the ministerial guests, Members of Parliament, Aldermen, &c. I quickly had occasion to rejoice in my situation, and began to make my friend useful as a shower of the lions.

"Come now," said I, "raise up your long pole (he's a long-headed fellow,) and give me a nod of information as to the company. Who is he that handles the ladle so scientifically, and answers so courteously the many troublesome calls upon him?"

"That's Doctor K——, to whom optics, and music, and astronomy, and gastronomy, are all equally familiar, who is giving a practical lecture to his neighbours on 'the art of exhausting and emptying a tureen of turtle soup.'"

"And he yonder of the handsome countenance, with a foreign order round his neck, and looking altogether like the Lord Mayor of Literature?"

"Professor S——, the German dramatic critic, who can pose our best poets on the phraseology of Shakspeare, and who has only the one fault of devouring the immortal bard entire, beauties and faults alike, just as that hungry common-councilman would eat a turtle holus-bolus, calipash and calipee indifferently with the offal."

"Then that intelligent-looking man in spectacles?"

"B——, the patriot, who extracted out of the dungeons of Boulogne prison some sharp thorns to strew over the rosy bed of the Bourbons."

"Who is the next?"

"Come, come," said my friend, "don't think that I'll enact the part of Macbeth's witches, and tell you the history of all these choice spirits while that cauldron is boiling on the table.—How do you like the soup, by the bye?"

"Egad, to speak the truth," answered I, "I think 'tis mock turtle."

"Mock turtle, Sir?" exclaimed a horror-stricken citizen, who overheard me, "*Mock!* good God, Sir! have you had none of the green fat? Waiter! hand over that gemman's plate. Doctor! have the kindness to fish out a prime piece of the flesh for this gemman. Not *that*, Doctor—some of the green, if you please. Mock! mock turtle! do, Sir, do me the favour

just to let that *slip down*. Mock! well, what do you say now, eh?"

"I confess my ignorance, Sir," answered I, "and acknowledge your civility."

"Eat, eat, Sir," said he, "and never mind compliments. Are you ready for a glass of turtle punch, Sir?"

"Quite at your service, Sir," replied I.

"Help yourself, then, out of that 'ere black pint bottle, and never mind me. Your health, Sir!"

At this moment a band of wind instruments struck up a stunning strain from the gallery, and I moralized on the admirable management which thus gave this apropos interruption to every effort at conversation, leaving the company so good an excuse for attending solely to the more solid duties of the day. The music never ceased till the first course was removed; and the keen edge of appetite being by that time taken off, the countenances around me individually brightened up. The officially robed gentlemen, who had all sat down in their trappings, now threw them away, with the exception

of the lord mayor and sheriffs, who still shone in all their glorious caparisons of scarlet, gold, and ermine.

The second course was served: the music began again; but the leader, like his prototype Timotheus, adapted his strains to the melting mood of the listeners, and allowed a free flow to the stream of wit that went round. Jokes, old and new, bad puns, and quaint quotations, were quite the order of the day. One of the *literati* was carving a haunch of venison. He sent a liberal portion to another of the elect—not the lord mayor or the sheriff.

"I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow," quoth the helped.

"Master *Page*, much good may it do your good heart," was the apt reply.

"Ah!" cried a third, who was helped to a slice nearest the edge, "that was the most unkindest cut of all;" and immediately added, as the carver loaded his plate with sweet sauce, "Ohe! Jam satis."

"Why, it isn't *Jam*," said a fourth; "we authors all eat jelly with our venison."

"Ever since the days of *Aulus Gelli*-us," muttered a fifth.

A hundred puns and repartees, all full as bad, and therefore quite as pleasant, went round.

"Voilà, mon ami, voilà la honte de l'Angleterre, aussi grande que le *tread-mill!* c'est cette fourchette-là," exclaimed a talented-looking Frenchman to his opposite neighbour, having made various vain attempts to eat, with the aid of a two-pronged steel fork, some green peas which had been forced for this occasion.

"Oui, mon cher," replied his friend, "je vois bien qu'elle vous met aux travaux forcés."

"What language is thot?" asked one of the Scotch authors.

"Gallic," said B.

"Nae, I'll be hanged af it's Gaelic," replied the Scot, "I dinna come frae the braes o' Bannock to be bamboozled that a-way."

"And who is the indignant Frenchman?" said I to my friend.

"Felix B.," answered he, "one of the wittiest writers in the wittiest paper in Paris, the *Miroir;* he is just come over to comment on

English customs, and he begins, you see, by a subject that has some point in it."

The table once more cleared, *Non nobis, Domine*, was warbled forth by the public singers with exquisite melody. Then came the toasts —then the speeches, all moderate and manly—just what a public character and a political oration ought to be; and in here paying my tribute to the talents of the performers, let me not forget the superexcellent toast-master, who, mounted on an eminence behind the Chief Magistrate's chair, with a glass in his hand, prepared the company for their duty by the oft-reiterated sounds of, "Are ye charged, gemmen?"—"Gemmen, clear off your charge!" —and then repeated the announcement of each successive toast, in a voice which, compared to the chairman's, was a culverin replying to a popgun, and which, when his lordship called out, "Three times three!" answered, "Hip, hip, hurra!" as naturally as Paddy Blake's echo, that whenever any one cried, "How do you do this morning?" was sure to answer, "Very well, thank ye!"

I wish I could now come to a climax worthy of my subject, and say in one short sentence all that it deserves. I can truly declare that I never spent a more social evening, nor witnessed a feast of greater propriety. On quitting my lodgings I had provided myself with a case of lancets, in the certainty of having my smattering of surgical skill called in to the aid of some suffocating gourmand; but I solemnly protest I never saw more temperance or decorum in words or action. The only vein I saw breathed during the day was one of good fellowship and good humour. Men of many nations were there, English, Irish, and Scotch—with Germans, French, and other foreigners—but all, as it were, of one family. Men of all professions and parties, of the most opposite extremes, and all *touching*. Lawyers and clients, reviewers and authors, smiling and chatting together—the wolf playing with the kid. Radicals and Tories, Lord Mayor and minister, bandying compliments—the lamb lying down with the lion:—all, in short, a scene of primitive simplicity and peace.

THE

PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger.

MILTON.

I HAD long sought for the reasons of the outcry which some people raise against the pleasures of the table. Hard study of men and things led at length to the discovery. The causes are, weak stomachs, unsocial tempers, affected simplicity, and stinginess; always allowing some latitude to the convenient maxim, that there is no general rule without an excep-

tion—or two. Thus there may be some who abstain from social enjoyments under such virtuous apprehension as that they might hurt their constitution; a few who do so from sectarian superstition; and others from cant. To *stop the mouths* of such cavillers is now my object.

Taking the subject in its plainest point of view, we should begin with infancy, and see what honest, unsophisticated Nature says and does. The first cry of childhood is for food; and when every other appetite is dead, that most wholesome of all continues to the extremity of (healthy) old age. Nature thus gives her broadest sanction to this indulgence, and we may well exclaim, with the poet—

> O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
> To those budge doctors of the stoic fur,
> And fetch their precepts from the cynic tub,
> Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.

Children, in their innocence, are the greatest gluttons in the world, except old people perhaps. I have not examined the latter so closely; but neither one nor the other are

slaves to that artificial refinement which throws a bar against their comforts: the first have not learnt these qualms, and the latter forget them. Amidst all the joys of my early life, some of the happiest were those snatched by stealth in the larder, the dairy, and the housekeeper's room; and I often taste, in fancy, the identical smack on my palate which followed the surreptitious delights of some violated cream-bowl or pot of preserves. I appeal to all my candid readers—to all, at least, who had the good fortune of passing their years of youth in the country—who with their brothers and sisters, (for *there* lay the great charm, after all), a joyous little knot of freebooters, have stolen into the orchard by a passage scratched through the white-thorn hedge; have lived hours entrenched in the turnip-field, or the lofty sanctuary of the bean-rows; sucked the new-laid eggs in the hen-house; made puddings of raw pease, with a paste of bread mixed up with pump-water, or river-water, or ditch-water — whatever came first; lain listless under a gooseberry-bush, nibbling the large, hairy, green or red fruit,

like young goats browsing on heath blossoms; or stolen a march on the dairy-maid, and laughed at her from behind the hedge, when she found the cows had been milked. And then the blackberries — the crab-apples — the sloes—the sop in the pan! But why raise in my readers these mouth-watering reminiscences? why conjure up a feast of memory and flow of recollections, scarcely less undefined and shadowy than those of reason or the soul?

I am not a *very* old man, but old enough to have grown garrulous and discursive—old enough to know that he who has eaten the bread of bitterness, and drunk the water of disappointment, may be allowed the indulgence of a retrospect of whatever was of enjoyment. I therefore claim the privilege of dwelling awhile on my boyish days. Well do I remember when I thought the fate of Nebuchadnezzar by no means an unquestionable punishment; when I calculated the delights of his liberty, ranging the pastures with the cattle, eating clover to his heart's content, rolling on the grass, splashing in the rivulets, jumping the

hedges, and learning no lessons! Thus balancing the phytivorous advantages of his degradation with the splendid miseries of his throne and greatness, I was very much tempted to consider him most worthy of pity when the term of his probation expired.

But passing by the vapoury abstractions of my youthful mind, which led me into fanciful contemplations such as this, and turning to a less mighty personage than the last, I will regale my recollection with the picture of Old Edward the Butler. I have him this instant in my eye: his sleek hair combed nicely on his forehead, his rosy cheeks, carbuncled nose, liquorish lip-smacking smile, and true *bon vivant* glance which measures the merit, and tastes by anticipation, every dish on the table. He had a noble protuberance of belly, too, a real holiday rotundity, such as might be thought the legitimate consequence of earlier and better times, when "our ancestors ran Christmas-day, New-year's-day, and Twelfth-night, all into one, and kept the wassail-bowl flowing the whole time." Such a man was old Edward:

the living epitome of good-nature and good-living, the breathing personification of enjoyment, the mortal type of merry-making, the Falstaff of real life, the very counterpart of Spenser's October:

> Full of merrie glee,
> The while his nowle was totty of the must
> Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see,
> And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
> Made him so full of frolic and of lust.

I verily believe that this old servant was the primary cause of my relishing, as I have done through life, the good things of life. He used to secrete for me (and himself) the nicest imaginable tit-bits: used often and often to tip me his benevolent wink, as I passed the pantry-door; and many were the moments that we spent there, in hail-fellow-well-met companionship, discussing the remains of tarts, pies, and puddings,

> In many a bout
> Of linked *sweetness* long drawn out.

His example was of one real benefit to me, however: he had no selfishness in him, and he

taught me to despise *gluttony*, for he could never eat for eating sake. He would sooner let his most delicate morsels rot in a crust of mouldiness than devour them alone.

I believe it is from regard for this poor fellow's memory that I am so fond of corpulence. I cry out continually, with Cæsar, "Give me the man that is fat!" I love the look of an alderman—a stage-coachman—the king's butler, and the king himself; because the very paunch of each and every of them seems to tell a round, unvarnished tale of good fellowship. Yet I think that poor Edward had more of the thing itself stamped on his countenance than any of them. He had not a wrinkle or care-worn line on his cheeks or forehead.—But enough of him! My heart and my eyes are full. Enough of myself too! I will quit my egotism, and speak generally.

What, then, let me ask you, *candid* reader, what was the happiest hour of the day at school? Not the dinner hour, most assuredly; for we remember well what rough, tough stuff we had, all of us; little meat and plenty of

pudding—and *such* pudding! No: the happiest hour of the four and twenty was invariably that in which we skulked in the barn, or hay-loft, or a corner of the shrubbery, (two or three sworn friends,) and fell upon the purchase of our joint quotas of pocket-money—some savoury sausages, bought at the porkshop hard by; or a hot loaf (slipped in, for the fee of a penny, by our trusty and well-beloved cousin, the baker's boy), with a huge lump of butter, bursting in liquefied luxuriousness through the yawning rents which we made in the smoking quartern. And if a pot of porter or bottled ale washed down the feast! ———

Next to the butler and the baker's boy aforesaid, I believe I have—(*ego* once more, but I cannot get on in the third person or second person, singular or plural)—I have to thank the poets for my real relish for the pleasures of the table. I have remarked that all of that tribe, whatever their language or their subject, have contrived some *how* or other to bring in, some *where* or other, the praise and recommendation of feasting. It was not till my after-

years that I began to marvel how the deuce these rhyming epicureans had that particular branch of *imagination* so common and so forcible.

But now for the simple and self-evident delights of feasting. I will speak of it in its more elevated associations, as a raiser of the spirits and a warmer of the heart. I shall not press the well-known fact, that feasting has been in most ages and countries a *sine quâ non* in all arrangements, religious, political, or amatory—whether sacrifices to the gods, coronation feasts, ministerial dinners, or wedding fêtes champêtres. I forbear to quote heathen authorities, and shall simply let the minds of my readers repose on the contemplation of the installation feast of an English archbishop, in the reign of one of our Edwards, when there was a consumption of one hundred and four oxen, one thousand sheep, two thousand pigs, one hundred and four peacocks, and four hundred swans! Neither shall I cite the poetry, even of scripture, for I shrink from the possibility of connecting it with a trivial subject; but I shall draw on the sublimest of

profane writers, Milton—and hastily recal to my readers the reception which our first parents gave to the angel Raphael, in Paradise. They will remember that Eve was busied, on the angel's approach, preparing

> For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
> True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
> Of nectarous draughts between.

I need not recapitulate the abundant bill of fare, containing all the delicious fruits, "in coat rough or smooth rin'd,"

> Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
> In India east or west, or middle shore
> In Pontus or the Punic coast:

And every one will remember, or can refer to, the fourth book of Paradise Lost, for the rest of this truly pastoral scene:—the benevolence of the angel—the blended humility and dignity of Adam—the innocence of Eve, who at the table

> Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
> With pleasant liquors crown'd.

My motto for this article will be recognised

as taken from the description of this exquisite repast. From that it will be seen how the greatest and most pious of bards looked upon the affected niceties of abstinence, and what a lesson of hospitality and enjoyment he wished to teach mankind; while it is certain that he himself practised the kindly humanities of social life: for in his epistle to his friend Laurence, he jovially says,

> What neat repast shall feast us light and choice,
> Of attic taste, with wine, etc.

The pleasures of the table adapt themselves to all situations and seasons, but may perhaps be best enjoyed in winter, when a good fire, a good dinner, good wine, and good company, form an assemblage of most surpassing delights. In the country, too, all this is better felt than in town. We have not so many distractions to interfere with our appetite or destroy it: small business, little politics, and no pastry-cooks' shops—those glutton-fostering, dinner-spoiling receptacles, where the consumers of pies and patties remind one of "the bevy of

jolly, gossiping wenches," reproached by the fox in Sir Roger L'Estrange's fable, who, "lay stuffing their guts with hens and capons, and not a word of the pudding!"

No, no, give me the real charms of country fare, and a hearty welcome at holiday times, and let me see as much as possible the revival of old English hospitality,—full plates, bumper-toasts, hob-nobbing, and the great hall thrown wide open, when, as Ben Jonson wrote to Sir Robert Wroth,

> The rout of rural folk come thronging in
> (Their rudeness then is thought no sin),
> The jolly wassail walks the often round,
> And in their cups their cares are drown'd.

It will be perceived that I despise all illustration drawn from turtle-feasts, Lord Mayor's days, and the like, loving more to dwell on the repasts of the country people. The pleasures of these most unsophisticated members of the community, have been ever deeply involved in feasts and carousings; not in their excesses, but in their simple and moderate participation. I do not include in that class the wood-ranging party

in the seventh book of Virgil, whose sharp-set appetites did not spare even the *adorea liba*, if we can believe the authority of Iülus, who exclaims

> Heus ! etiam mensas consumimus,—

but which of us has not wished to have been placed alongside of the Shepherd's King, in Drayton's "Polyolbion ?"

> In his gay baldric at his low grassy board,
> With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stored ;
> And whilst the bag-pipe plays, each lusty jocund swain
> Quaffs syllabubs in cans.

What a picture of social without sensual indulgence ! But I confess myself better pleased with the more substantial enumeration of Herrick, "the most rural of our poets, who passed his life, like a bird, in singing and making love." Hear him !

> Ye shall see first the large and cheefe
> Foundation of your feast, fat beef :
> With upper stories, mutton, veale,
> And bacon which makes full the meal ;

With several dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumentie.

And, to conclude the subject of country tastes, let me now quote the amorous Cuddy from Gay's first pastoral.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife ;
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.

Proofs of the importance of the "*jus divin*" might be cited never-endingly ; but my observations have turned rather upon solid than liquid delights. I shall only then allude to the great Czar Vladimir, who, when about to change the idolatrous worship of his country, balanced awhile in his choice of a new religion. He was ravished (says Gibbon) with the voluptuous delights of Mahometanism, but rejected the Koran, exclaiming, " Wine is the joy of the Russians : no, no, we cannot live without wine !"

Fill me a bumper then, I say, to the memory of the Czar Vladimir ! a tribute to his good fellowship, but not a homage to excess. I am far

from being the apologist of drunkenness or gluttony—and I say again, that moderate and honest indulgence is as distinct from that selfish enormity, as is the wholesome delight with which a hungry sportsman attacks a leg of mutton, from the hellish voraciousness of Count Ugolino, in Dante's Inferno, feeding on the skull of the Archbishop Ruggieri.

Gluttony—one of the worst of solitary vices—is the bane of table pleasures. It concentrates all that is gross in nature, with all that is unamiable in feeling, and unfits its victims for the real enjoyment of a feast. I would not preach forbearance to a starving man, for I know that

> Un ventre affamé
> N'a point des oreilles:

but I believe that

> If all the world
> Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
> Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
> Th' All-giver would be unthank'd.

Yes! I do believe that the Dispenser of all Good placed us here with feelings to enjoy, and

surrounded us with the good things of life for our enjoyment; that He gave us palates to be gratified, not tantalized; and that the best way to show our gratitude, is to take the goods which he provides us. Give me, then, the pleasures of the table, in their moral and physical meanings together. I care not whether it be in the cottage of a peasant, or a stately palace, set out like that of Comus, "with all manner of deliciousness." But, best of any, let me have, in my own humble mansion, the blessings of the table—my friends around me—plenty of cheer—thankfulness to the Giver—a happy mind—a clean cloth—and, crowning all, let "good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"

THE ANATHEMA.

Paris is certainly beaten ground; but there are some of its by-paths rarely trodden on, and many of its public places are full of interest that lies too deep for hurried observers. Its antiquity alone gives evidence that it must have been the scene of thousands of adventures and incidents, the memory of which have perished in the lapses of time. But history has preserved numerous details of romance and chivalry, relieving, by their lightness or their tenderness, the shades of its recorded crimes; and we may admit, without cavilling at its extravagance, the following complimentary acrostic on the name

and character of this city, from the pen of a reverend and venerable eulogist.

> "Pourpris d'honneur, precieuse maison,
> Accroissement de tout bien et richesse,
> Roc de vertu, et repos de raison,
> Justice vraye en tout temps et saison,
> Sçavoir de tout, etude de sagesse,
> C'est de Paris le titre de noblesse!"*

The nooks and corners of great cities have a double population—of inhabitants and recollections. They are close crowded with associations; and we often hasten over the most common scenes, as ignorant of the sympathies by which they are haunted and hallowed, as "the greasy rogues," who cumber the paths, or plod along their sacred ways. Palaces in particular appear built to be gazed at, but not inquired into. Their gaudy exterior and lofty bearing, seem to check the inquisitiveness of the world, as if their aristocratic pride would turn into ourselves the look that might aim at fathoming their mysteries. Months of methodical

* Le Théâtre des Antiquitez de Paris. Par le R. P. F. Jaques du Breul. 1612.

inquiry may, however, fail to let us into these secrets; but a happy chance often brings us into immediate contact with some spring of sentiment, whence flow feelings of the brightest enjoyment.

Few of the promenades of Paris had such charms for me as the gardens of the Luxembourg. When wearied by the solemn fineries of the Tuileries, the glitter of the Palais Royal, or the noise of the Boulevards, I generally crossed the river, and reposed for an hour in my favourite retreat. I sat down on one of the stone benches, under the shade of a sycamore, and gazed on the children sporting round me, on a tender couple exchanging soft looks and words—or on the other specimens of pleasure which always abound in the place. I marked now an admirer of sculpture, as motionless as the statue he stared at; again, an amateur of flowers, bending over the parterre, and feeding on the loveliness of its productions. Antiquated beings of either sex often fixed my eye, as they basked in the sunny spots—varieties of those living monuments which recal the

memory of past days—animated powder-puffs—muffed and tippetted disciples of the old school, who cling to the silk coats, pink breeches, canes, queues, and cocked hats of the *ancien regime* :—while in the shady avenues, I frequently remarked the pale and slovenly students, a book in their hands, and their eyes fixed on the page. I used to please myself in fancying that I discovered the nature of their studies from the movements which, in their abstraction, these youths involuntarily fell into. If, for example, I saw one of them tracing angles, curves, and parallelograms, instead of walking straight forward on his path, I set him down as a mathematician. Did another stop frequently, and toss his arms about, then bite his nails and snap his fingers, I invariably placed him among those mooters of law points, who begin with declamation, proceed obscurely, and make a flippant ending. The disciple of Esculapius betrayed himself by his regulated pace, and the pestle-like motion with which he struck his cane upon the ground: and whenever a lank and wild-looking creature threw his eyes alternately to

heaven and earth, stumbled over the benches, or knocked his head against the trees, I believe the closest reasoner will not accuse me of paralogy in having concluded that I gazed on a poet. I had thus my theory as well as Lavater or Gall; and by its rules I studied the whole tribe of students, lecturers and professors, who poured in every day at certain hours, from that cluster of narrow lanes, called the *Pays Latin*, to shake off the dust of the school, and draw in a mouthful of pure air.

I was one evening thus seated in the indulgence of my contemplation, when I observed a young gentleman, shabbily dressed, walking forwards and backwards at a slow pace. The frequent application of his handkerchief to his eyes, and his air of distress, plainly told me the state of his mind. I cannot say that I am ever averse to the observation of silent grief. It must be a hard heart that is not touched by the evidence of sorrow; and I believe the oftener that most of us allow ourselves such opportunities, the better. I felt myself mentally and sentimentally drawn towards this

sufferer, but I experienced a physical repulsion proportionably strong. In fact, I could not for any reward, have gone up to speak to him, and I shrunk away as often as he approached me. After some time spent in irregular movement, he once more made towards the place where I sat; and there seemed in his manner something more of fixed purpose than before. Fearing that I might be in the way of his object, I rose, and was preparing to retire, when he waved his handkerchief and motioned me to stop. I was not a little surprised, but obeyed his signal; and when he came close, he bowed to me with a most obliging air, and addressed me thus:

"Do not be surprised, Sir, at the liberty I take with you, a perfect stranger. I see that my sorrow has caught your attention; and I feel it necessary to commit this outrage on your privacy, lest in my despair I might do myself, perhaps, a greater!"

I was rather embarrassed; but I have seen enough of sorrow, one way or another, to know that though it is hard to stop its source, its channel may be easily turned. On this princi-

ple I offered no checks, in the way of consolation or argument, to the tears of my companion ; but remarked to him, that if the secret feelings of the many who then filled the garden were known to us, he might find parallels to his grief, be it ever so deep-rooted.

"Ah ! yes," cried he, "I am aware of the sympathy which draws together so many wretches in this place. I know the charm which this spot possesses for the wearied sufferers of the world."

"Indeed," replied I, glad to get him on a general topic, "it would be hard to find a more soothing retreat for misfortune. These beautiful parterres—this pure air—these cheerful terraces seem to invite ——"

"What do I hear ?" cried he, with an astonished stare. "Do you mock me, Sir ? Could cheerfulness or pleasure hold a charm for me ? Oh, Emilie, Emilie !—Cheerful—beautiful ! Alas, Sir, you are a stranger. Did you know the ground you trod on, you would think differently of the place. No, Sir ! These doleful gardens wear the garb of woe. Melan-

choly has chosen them for her empire, and sorrow for its refuge. All writers are united on that point. And if, let me ask in the words of a modern author,—if it is impossible to think, without a sigh, of the Isle of Naxos, or the banks of the Mondego, the fountain of the Vaucluse, or the forest of the Paraclet; why should we forget, in this amorous topography, the ancient Château Valvert, which history, imagination and sentiment unite to dignify!"

Having thus exclaimed, with a theatrical air, he stalked away; and, as he glided through the plantation, I saw him cast his looks from earth to heaven. A little further, encountering one of the benches, he fell bodily over it, sprawling on the ground, and had scarcely recovered his legs when his head came in violent contact with one of the lime trees. The abruptness of this hint seemed to bring him to himself, for he walked rapidly to the next gate and disappeared, leaving me at no loss to judge of his pursuits and profession. I never had the pleasure of seeing him again; and though somewhat piqued to have been so taken in by the rhapsodies of a

flighty poet, I nevertheless resolved to ascertain on what foundation they were built. A little stung by the justice of his remark, "that I did not know the ground I trod on," aware of the influence which historical recollections have upon the mind, and knowing how much association regulates our likings and antipathies, I resolved to examine into the history of the spot.

I do not mean to display to my readers all the secrets of my researches. In truth, I am apprehensive that if I wrote all I have learned on this mighty matter, my pages would be turned over faster than printed. But in all my reading for centuries back, if I may so express myself, I could find nothing to corroborate the poet's assertion; nor, in the long list of noble and royal names connected with the palace, aught which could attach to it any very overwhelming interest. I betook myself therefore to more modern studies, and found, to my utter surprise, that the poet was fairly and honestly borne out in the gloomy picture he had drawn, by the united opinions of several authors, who have apparently laboured under some such unhappy influence as his own.

One of these,* having to describe the monotonous and melancholy life of an old bachelor, and wishing to give him a fitting recreation, makes him walk in the Luxembourg—

"Je vais au Luxembourg me promener un peu."

Another author† makes it the asylum of silence, retirement, and deep thought. In a work‡ more systematic and original than his, are the following reflections on these gardens: "Il semble que la langueur habite en personne ces lieux, dont aucune métamorphose ne saurait changer l'impression. C'est un point du globe décidément dévoué à la taciturnité. En vain l'art et le luxe y rassembleraient tout ce qui peut charmer les yeux, ils ne sauraient arracher l'âme au sentiment de tristesse qu'elle y respire. Je ne répondrais même pas que, peuplé de houris, il reprit une face nouvelle. Ce jardin est l'emblême de la vie, que rien ne peut égayer. Je ne donnerais pas huit jours de promenade

* M. Colin d'Harleville.

† Mercier. Tableau de Paris, t. ii. p. 219.

‡ Pensées et Reflections par Hippolite de Livry, t. vii. p. 184.

consécutive au Luxembourg, à quelqu'un enclin à la melancolie, pour y terminer sa languissante carrière."

A later work* allows that, under the improvement of M. Chalgrin the architect, (whose *name* is so nearly in unison with the *nature* of others who have laboured there,) these gardens have assumed an appearance *somewhat* "*plus riant et plus agréable qu'autrefois.*"

But all this accordance of opinion, as to the characteristic melancholy of the place, fell short of my desire, which was, to have a notion so much at variance with my own rationally accounted for. I still sought my object; and at length met with an author who, abandoning all hope of establishing a solid reason for the conceit, takes refuge in imagination, and retracing the steps of historical record, attributes to the memory of two royal lovers the secret sympathy which steals upon his soul. In the warmth of poetical fancy he exclaims, "Delicious shades, dark arbours of the Luxembourg, why have not

* Tableau Historique et Pittoresque de Paris, t. iii. *Paris*, 1811.

the muses added their voluptuous enchantment to that of your promenades? Why has not poetry joined its efforts to those of the other arts, which have united to embellish you with their wonders? A few stanzas on *Bertha and her lover* would have given to your perfumes and your bowers a sweeter and more mysterious charm; and in the rustling of the zephyrs through your leaves, fancy might still whisper that we heard the tones of the sacred harp! May it not be permitted to the poet to attribute the inconceivable melancholy of these grounds to the unhappy loves of which they were formerly the witness, and to the torrents of tears by which they were bedewed? Might we not thus explain the attraction which they have always had for the afflicted and contemplative mind? It is in vain that sculpture has mingled the laughing figures of the Loves and Graces. It is in vain that all which is most amiable in nature assembles here. Nothing can remove from this garden the air of woe, which strikes the lonely wanderer with surprise. Thanks to

the adventures of Robert and Bertha, his reveries are not without an object."*

To Robert and Bertha, then, my whole attention was turned. I do not mean to say that I had wholly forgotten the name of King Robert the Pious; but I must in candour acknowledge that almost every thing relating to him beyond *that*, had faded from my memory, in common with the particular details of many another virtuous monarchs. It is conquerors and tyrants that have fastened the firmest on my recollection! I remembered the prince in question only as nearly contemporary with Edwy of England, to the picture of whose persecution his own forms a fitting companion.

I left nothing undone to retrace his adventures with Bertha, his fair, but unfortunate cousin. Many an hour was passed in researches through the galleries of *La Bibliothèque du Roi*. Many a guardian spirit, which had long slumbered on its post of sentinel to the ponderous folios of the olden time, was wakened from its sleep of ages;

* La Gaule Poétique, par Marchangy, t. v. p. 33.

many a dust-covered tome was roused from its repose as I mounted the huge step-ladders, accompanied by some assistant of Monsieur Van Pradt, the polite librarian, or of M. Haze, the no less accommodating keeper of the MSS. Many a smile of cheerful greeting has met me on my daily repeated visits, while I am pretty sure that the real feelings they covered were any thing but those of welcome. In short, for several days, my own patience and the politeness of my informants were taxed to the utmost. I had recourse to every thing that could bear on the point in question. Dissertation, biography, histories, collections, and chronicles; Martenne, Duranti, Mezerai, Rivet, and many another, lent their aid to fill my note-book. But I must, after all, acknowledge myself more indebted to M. de Marchangy and his interesting work, than all the others put together. I have freely availed myself of their united labours from first to last; but I found in "La Gaule Poétique" the greater part of the details and colouring which filled up each earlier sketch.

I have only to add, that since I became fami-

liar with the history of Robert and Bertha, I have experienced more strongly than ever the empire of imagination over fact. My walks in the Luxembourg have never since been accompanied by that fresh and joyous complacency which was wont to be their companion. I no longer see serenity and pleasure in its shades and flowers; I continually picture out in fancy the palace of Valvert and its persecuted inhabitants; and find a new proof of the power of feeling in stamping its character on all the works of Nature and Art.

THE STORY.

The prince, whose story I am about to relate, was the son of Hugues Capet, the celebrated founder of the present race of French Kings, and he succeeded his father on the throne of France in the year 998. History does not afford an example of an individual more richly endowed with the gifts of nature. He was descended from the most illustrious sources; the blood of Clovis and Charlemagne flowing in his veins, and deriving fresh purity from such channels. His person was a model of manly

beauty,* his mind endowed with the brightest talents, and his heart the seat of every virtue. At little more than twenty years of age, he was crowned king, together with his father; and the first acts of his power were devoted to the glory of religion and the grandeur of the church. He convoked several councils for the suppression of heresies, made frequent pilgrimages to the tombs of the saints, composed many pious hymns, and was in the habit of joining his voice with that of the priests, who sang in chorus the praise of the Most High. But his piety was not confined to these questionable proofs. He displayed the utmost munificence in honour of religion, founded many churches and monasteries, and distributed in charity the greater part of his treasures. His humility was proportioned to his munificence, for he went constantly accompanied by twelve paupers, and frequently with his own hands fed

* The following description of his person is from the pen of his biographer and cotemporary, the Monk Helgaldus. "Hujus igitur statura corporis eminens, cæsaries admodum plana, et bene ducta, oculi humiles, nares porrectæ et patulæ, os suave et dulce ad dandum sanctæ pacis osculum, barba satis honesta, humeri ejus in altum porrecti."—*Epitome Vitæ Roberti Regis.*

and clothed the poor.* It is not then surprising that he obtained the title of "the most pious of kings."

But this wonderful display of virtue, however sublime, is characteristic of a saint rather than a king; and Robert would probably have been handed down to posterity only as a canonized monarch and a worker of miracles,† had he not been tenderly alive to one passion, which unites

* These acts gave occasion to the following verses, by one whom Helgaldus styles *Clarissimus Versificator* :—

Major cura boni est fratrum relevare labores,
Et fieri optatum tristibus auxilium;
Pascere jejunos, nudos vestire, ligatos
Solvere, discordes conciliare sibi:
Et quæcumque homines miseri solatia quærunt,
Hæc ut possibile est promere corde pio,
Ut recti veri cupidus, vereque benignus,
Quæ mala sunt fugiat, quæ bona sunt faciat.

That these (adds Helgaldus) were to be found in such a man, every one knew, because God always loved him.

† The worthy monk, not content with clothing his hero in real attributes, was resolved to decorate him with superhuman powers. He therefore tells us, that Robert having ordered a palace to be built, and coming to it for the first time to a splendid banquet on Easter day, a blind man approached, and humbly besought him to throw in his face some of the water in which he was washing his hands. The king, unconscious of his own sanctity, did so with a jocular air; when, to the astonishment of

him to our sympathies by a tie the most binding to humanity. An object of admiration to all the princesses of France and the neighbouring countries, his alliance was sought by several monarchs, whose daughters would have been but too happy had Robert even listened to their claims for competition. But his heart received no enjoyment from such distinction; and, during the pomps and ceremonies of each new embassy, he only thought of his beauteous and beloved cousin, Bertha, daughter of Conrad, the King of Burgundy.

Known to each other from infancy, the lovers had grown up on terms of the purest affection. The happiest days of Robert had been passed in the territories of his kinsman Conrad, where,

all present, the blind man recovered his sight, i. e. *the impostor opened his eyes.*

Helgaldus also records a peculiarity of Robert's, when on horseback, which, he says, was looked on as another miracle: and the obscurity of the sentence being worthy of the subject, I give it in the monk's own words—"Sedens equo regio, mirabile dictu, pene jungebant pedum digiti calcaneo."

This flexibility of foot and the pretended miracle are the only materials on which superstition could work, to deprive Robert of our sympathy, by making him more than a man.

wandering hand in hand with Bertha, he had so often traced the windings of the romantic Saone, gazed on the blue and shadowy chain of distant Alps, and forgot the world's realities, while picturing a futurity of bliss, never, alas! to be realized. A little circumstance, in early life, had tended to draw this young couple more closely together, and gave them a sort of spiritual alliance, on which they loved to dwell, as a prelude to their coming union. A peasant woman, in whose little vineyard, overhanging the river, the young playmates used sometimes to repose, had solicited the honour of Bertha's becoming sponsor to her new-born infant. The princess, delighted at the importance of the office, was resolved to associate in it him, without whose participation nothing was a pleasure to her. The young heart of Robert bounded gladly at this auspicious connexion. The fête on occasion of the baptism was a joyous one; and for several years the sponsors fulfilled their duties in watching over and providing for the child.

After the first acts of Robert's reign, which proved that he considered his duties towards

Heaven above the concerns of mortal happiness, he turned his views to that long-hoped-for union, whose bright perspective had shone resplendent through all the scenes of his hitherto unruffled life. He was, however, too well acquainted with the complicated abuses which then disgraced the church, not to be aware of two slight obstacles to his marriage. It was prohibited between relatives so distant as the *seventh* degree; and, by a greater stretch of absurdity, between those persons who had held together an infant at the font. These regulations having been enacted, not in the spirit of religion, but for the furtherance of pontifical power, Robert did not hesitate to believe that a dispensation would be easily procured.

With his accustomed deference to the papal authority, he prepared a deputation for the purpose of making the demand; but whether from an afterfear of refusal, or from ardour in the pursuit of that blessing so immediately within his reach, his first intention was fatally abandoned. Yet he did not attempt to consummate his union, without such authority as he believed

competent to sanction its irregularity. He summoned together the bishops of his kingdom, to whose deliberations the question was submitted; and they, either from that political influence which ever took the lead of religious scruples with the papal tribunal itself, or perhaps from a conscientious conviction in the purity of their proceedings, solemnly gave their permission for the marriage, revoking, for the occasion, the canonical prohibition. Robert, though confident in the issue of his appeal, had, in common with all lovers, felt those occasional agitations which nothing but possession can remove. Scarcely was the ecclesiastical council dissolved, when the enamoured king hastened to his Bertha, with the decision which empowered him, indeed, to call her his.

The joys of lovers are concealed by an impenetrable yet fragile veil. They derive their exquisite delicacy in a great measure from this secrecy; and though no one may say what is the delight of the individual, every one is ready to believe that it cannot surpass what he has himself experienced. I leave it then to my

readers to imagine that of Robert, while he pressed the lovely Bertha to his bosom, and his subsequent triumphant pride when they made their public entry into Paris, escorted by the prayers and blessings of their people.

This event was celebrated with all the splendour common to the nuptials of kings, but accompanied also by those softer endearments which kings but seldom taste. The magnificent fêtes on the occasion gave little pleasure to the new married pair; but they joined with fervid piety in the religious rites and ceremonies which hallowed their enjoyments. And when, after some days' abandonment to these public demonstrations, the people subsided quietly into the contemplation of the national good, the sovereign and his bride commenced, in the retirement of their palace, that reign of pure felicity which ended ere they felt it was begun.

Robert had, immediately after the celebration of his marriage, despatched ambassadors to the papal court to announce it, and humbly implore the pontifical benediction. But in that age the lust of power and pride of prerogative were

more potent with the church than sympathy for human happiness, or compassion for mortal frailty. An extraordinary council was instantly assembled; and the irritated majesty of the Pope issued denunciations, which were echoed by the answering indignation of the fathers. A violent reproof was fulminated against the King of France, who, for having dared to be guided by the insufficient authority of the Gallican church, was commanded instantly to separate from his youthful bride; and a penance of seven years was enjoined to both.

The well-known piety and gentle disposition of Robert led his implacable judges to reckon on a prompt submission. They knew the important accession of temporal power to be gained by the punishment of such a distinguished offender; who, had he possessed a reputation for boldness proportioned to his virtue, had never, perhaps, been driven to a hazarded disobedience. The decree was solemnly proclaimed in France. The people heard it with consternation, and the king with amazement. He could scarcely believe its reality; but when his astonished minis-

ters and terrified bishops confirmed its authenticity, he resolved on making every submission to the church, and obeying all its commands short of the abandonment of his bride. On this point he had not a moment's hesitation, and in the most trying hours of his subsequent misery he never swerved from his resolution.

Supplications for clemency were addressed to the papal throne, in which the voice of the whole kingdom was joined to that of the king, but in vain. The indignant Pontiff a second time commanded the divorce; and, in default of instant compliance, empowered the legate to pronounce against Robert the following Anathema:—

"That he be cursed alike in the populous walks of the cities, and in the solitudes of the fields. That with him be cursed his children, his flocks, and his domains. That no Christian call him brother, nor grant him the salutation of peace. That no priest pray in his name, nor admit him to the altar of divine grace and favour. That friendship, consolation, and hope be banished from his deathbed; and that no beloved hand shall close his eyelids. That his

entrails, like those of the impious Arius, fall from his half-open breast. That his corpse lie unburied on the banks of the affrighted river. That his bones whiten in the desert winds, while no pilgrim dares to strew a little earth over their wretched remains. That his name be a horror to future time, or rather that his memory be forgotten among men, and that the blessed dawn of a future life brighten not his shade !"*

The legate summoned Robert to compliance with the orders of the church, and on his refusal, promulgated the terrific denunciation. The historians have done well in not attempting to describe the effects produced on Robert, Bertha, and the other listeners to this frightful decree. We may imagine the despair which, in that age of superstition, must have followed its public announcement. We may picture the groups of selfish courtiers—the servile or conscientious clergy—the horror-stricken people—all moved by one impulse of superstition and obedience, to

* A parallel to this piece of atrocious eloquence may be found in the Appendix to Robertson's "Life of Charles V."

fly from the presence of their denounced and desolate sovereign.

In all parts of the kingdom the bishops raised their voices against the victim of their own act, and menaced him with the divine wrath.—His ministers—the favourites of his pleasures—the officers of his household—his very menials, dared not venture to hold communion with him, fearing infection from the breath of the excommunicated; an object more dreaded in those days of darkness than the contagion of malady or death. Two miserable slaves alone remained of his whole train of attendants: and these wretches, who were thus supposed to be sacrificed to eternal perdition, were forced to the office. They shuddered as they approached their unfortunate master and his partner in wretchedness: and with averted looks presented them their food, the remains of which were flung away, and the vases which they touched were purified by being passed through the flames.

In the midst of this abandonment, Robert sighed not for the honours and distinctions he had lost. He deeply lamented that he no longer saw in his forsaken vestibule the crowds of beg-

gars, to whom he had daily distributed the evangelical bread, washing their feet in imitation of the primitive Christians. He wept to see that they fled from him now, as from a monster whose look was death.

But the overwhelming misery thus partaken by Robert and his youthful bride left them some moments of voluptuous repose, some hasty hours of forgetfulness of the tyranny of men, and of sublime reliance on the goodness of God. Become each other's world, and concentrating in themselves their affections, sympathies, and hopes, they found even in their desolateness resources of enjoyment unknown to the hearts of kings. Morning and night they wandered together in the gardens and shrubberies of the Palace Valvert,* which Robert had built, where the cloisters of the Chartreux were afterwards erected, and where the gardens of the Luxembourg extend at present. Here, while the church held them up as objects of divine wrath, and called

* The ground occupied by the Palace Valvert, or Vauvert, was granted by St. Louis to the Chartreux, by an Act dated at Melun, in the month of May, 1259.

down upon them all the miseries of life, they rejoiced to find in these peaceable solitudes as pure a sky and as fragrant a shade as they had enjoyed before the fulmination of the terrible anathema.

Encouraged by their belief in the goodness and clemency of Heaven, they sometimes hoped that God would pardon their offence. Unable to put up their prayers in the temples, which were closed against them, they prostrated themselves before a turf-formed altar, raised under the shade of vines and overhanging shrubs. It was in such moments of enthusiastic piety, when far from the execrable passions of those who had persecuted, and the cowardly abandonment of those who had betrayed him—in the arms of his lovely bride, and in the presence of his God, that Robert composed those hymns which are to this day chaunted in the service of the church.

Bertha, while listening to these sacred songs, smiled on the inspiration and the eloquence of the royal bard; but the transient gleam of pleasure was little in unison with the big tear floating in her azure eye, and was soon over-

cast by the cloud of grief uprising from her heart. Frequently starting from some dream of terror, she would quit the couch where Robert slept, in the calm produced by conscious virtue, and dignified by strength of mind. Burning in the fever of her agitation, she would rush into the freshness of the summer air, and give a free course to the expression of her woe in the midst of the magnificent desolation around her. Pacing, with irregular steps, the lofty galleries, or seated at an open casement, her throbbing head supported on her clasped hands, she would pass whole weary hours, her tears flowing, and her sighs mingling with the mournful breeze which swept along the vast and solitary corridors. Thousands of conflicting thoughts crossed her mind in rapid succession: wishes, abandoned as soon as formed; designs, projected and cast aside; prayers, put up in hope and recalled in despondency! Sometimes she determined to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome, on foot and alone, for no one dared conduct her; to throw herself at the feet of the Pope, and conjure him to revoke the sentence. Sometimes she resolved to fly,

unknown, from the husband and the country to whom she had brought such misery ; to shut herself up in some obscure monastery, or some hermitage in the midst of a dreary desert. But the idea of quitting for ever the only object of her earthly affections, without even the agonized enjoyment of a last farewell, made her tremble with terror and despair.

These agitating reveries were often interrupted by the opening morning ; and the luxuriant colouring, reflected from the heavens upon the face of rejoicing nature, was in a measure spread over her who formed at first so striking a contrast to its brilliancy. The sky, gradually covered with the glowing tints of the dawn ; the clouds, reflecting the purple and azure colouring; the glittering dewdrops, bathing the opening flowers; the birds warbling in the groves, and the skylark mounting into the air, from the bosom of those fertile fields which are now occupied by the palace and its courts; all these images of happiness insensibly spread their influence over the soul of Bertha, and removed for a while her sad presentiments. Her feelings,

so long harassed by perplexity and anguish, re-opened to the rays of hope. Young and lovely as she was pure, without remorse, possessing her husband still, a secret feeling seemed to say that her happy hours were not for ever flown, but that peace and comfort were yet in store for her. Then, with a smile lighting her eyes and playing round her lips, she flew to meet him, whose kisses quickly dissipated the traces of her tears. These chaste caresses, the harmonious sounds of her lyre, the roses with which she ornamented her hair, the transports of that age whose brief enjoyments are regretted for ever, this essence of delight evaporating in the fire of youth and love, all plunged them into a temporary delirium of joy. Little then did they consider the pomp from which they were hurled, or the venal homage of the court which they had lost. Persecuted on earth, they seemed to have taken refuge in the heavens.

But the continual struggle between hope and fear, the torments of imagination and internal suffering, injured every hour the health

of the queen. The fruit of love which she carried in her bosom was withered ere it ripened, and a premature delivery robbed her and her husband of their greatest hope. Ignorance and superstition, lending their aid to more criminal feelings, quickly spread the report, that Bertha had brought forth a monster of hideous deformity; and the people were worked upon to believe that God had permitted this prodigy to punish Robert for his disobedience. This conviction removed, in a great measure, the sympathy with which they had hitherto regarded, and, in some degree, consoled, their unhappy monarch.

The Pope, finding that all these accumulated miseries were insufficient to shake the faith which the youthful couple had sworn, and which each access of misfortune seemed to bind more firmly, resolved on still more rigorous means; and, visiting on thousands the imagined guilt of one pair, he excommunicated all France, and put the whole kingdom in interdict!

Then came the height of desolation and despair. No class was exempt from the terrible

effects of this horrid denouncement. The inhabitants of the fields feared to enter on their culture, lest the seeds should turn to poison, or the fire of heaven consume their ripening harvest. No merchant ventured to equip a vessel, or any sailor to put to sea, apprehensive that the Virgin, who had hitherto received the prayers of the mariner, would no longer lend them her protection, and that the combinations of wave and wind would drive them to destruction. Warriors no longer took up arms, but with a secret terror by which they were half vanquished; for they dreaded that the god of armies would abandon their banners, and banish the natural valour which was wont to fire their bosoms.

Consternation and suffering were not less felt by the citizens of the towns, debarred the privilege of those sacraments which at that time ratified the most important acts of social intercourse. There was a total proscription of marriage, baptism, burial, or pilgrimage. At every moment were seen to arrive at the church gates, which they might not enter, lovers, who came to

implore the nuptial benediction; mothers, who carried their newborn offspring, to wash away in the sacred font the stains of original sin; families, covered with mourning-mantles and weeping over the unburied corpse of a parent or friend; pious children or faithful virgins, seeking to light the taper of hope at the altar of their patron saint, or tell the blessed beads of their rosary to solicit the safe return of a father or a lover; the sick and infirm, certain of cure if they could but pass under the shrine of miracles,—but all was vain. The sanctuaries were closed; and the inflexible ministers of God, profaning his name to purposes so impious, forced the crowds from the deserted temples, to shout forth before the residence of their king, curses, accusations, and threats.

When Robert saw, from the windows of his apartments, the courts filled with these unfortunates; when he saw their various processions, their grief, their wasted and miserable looks, caused by unavailing fastings and penance; when he beheld on all sides of the avenues leading to the palace, hearses with their load

of death, or litters covered with some dying wretches, while hundreds of hands were raised towards him in menace or supplication, unable longer to resist, he decided on separating from his wife. But when, turning again from the hideous spectacle presented by this despairing multitude, his eyes caught the distant figure of his beloved one, slowly pacing some garden walk far distant from the direful tumult, he felt that he could not part from her but with life, and he refused to listen to the barbarians who demanded a sacrifice which he felt to be impossible.

But this sacrifice at length took place! Robert yielded not, but Bertha was overpowered by the conflict; and summoned in one decisive resolution the united energies of virtue, religion, and despair. She flung herself abruptly before her husband, in a moment when he was wholly unprepared, and her anguish burst forth in the following address:—"Adieu, Robert! adieu, my beloved! While misfortune pressed upon us alone, our mutual suffering gave mutual strength to resist it; but, alas! what avails the tender-

ness and faith of two lovers, abandoned by heaven and earth, for the miseries of these innocent citizens suffering for it! If I weep, your looks are sufficient to dry up my tears. Before my smile, your griefs evaporate. But this balm of love, distilling from the very wounds which it has thus the power to heal, is without any virtue for the ulcerated hearts of our unhappy subjects, victims of an obstinacy of which we only enjoy the delights. Adieu, Robert! stripped of the mantle of penitence, and rehabited in the royal purple, remount your throne, more splendid and greater than before! Light of my early days! you whom the clouds of my destiny have too long obscured, shed once more your lustre upon delighted France, and let the darkness which now covers her be wholly centred in me, and no longer envelope the monarch and his people! Adieu, Robert! adieu, my king! my husband! my friend! Alas! is it at the moment of losing all for ever that I recal so many titles? But calm thy grief; thou whose voice has so often thrilled through my frame. This parting word, fatal as it seems,

must sooner or later be pronounced by those who are most happy. Death, as cruel as the tyranny which tears us from each other, would, in a very few years, have inevitably snatched one of us away. Alas! it is in this moment that I feel, in the unutterable force of my affection, that nothing which has limits is sufficient for immortal love, and that it is not in this world that lovers should build their hopes.—But, alas! alas! what frightful recollections shoot in anguish through my brain! Unfortunate that I am, I dare to speak of an hereafter, the hopes of which are forbidden to us! O God! O God! are we then cursed for all eternity?—Parting in this life, are we then severed for ever and ever?"

Unable to proceed, her voice was stifled with sobs, and uttered only confused and inarticulate sounds.

Robert, plunged in stupor, neither saw nor heard; and, without uttering a word, he clasped in his hands the trembling hands of his wife. She would, by a last effort, again have spoken, but could not. She cast her eyes upon her

husband, and then up to heaven; when, covering her face with her veil, she passed with a hurried step through the porticos where the people had taken their accustomed place. Robert sprang from the lethargic agony which for a moment rendered him insensible, and strove in vain to oppose her departure. She had already disappeared in the crowd, which flinging themselves at the feet of the king, embracing his knees, and clinging to his garments, prevented his following her steps.

The news of the separation ran with lightning-speed through Paris and the neighbouring hamlets; while the reconciled church instantly proclaimed indulgence and remission. Bertha, having hurried the momentary preparations for departure, mounted a car drawn by three coursers; and with an humble escort, took the route to Burgundy.

Passing unobserved through the city, she saw the delighted Parisians, dressed in their holiday suits, embracing, congratulating, and commencing once again the round of their pleasures. The greatest number were rushing towards the

open churches, singing hymns of gratitude and joy, in which the name of Bertha was mingled with that of Heaven, which had inspired her with her desperate and unlooked-for resolution.

In one place she encountered a group of smiling friends conducting two expectant lovers, on the point of sanctifying their passion at the foot of the altar: she looked on them, and felt that she was never to taste the delights of wedded love! She met, again, pious mothers, who hastened to present their children for the baptism so long denied them; and she felt that her heart would never throb to the exquisite charms of maternal tenderness! A little further a funeral train crossed her path; when, throwing a long and desiring look upon the bier, "There, there," she cried, "is *my* hope!"

She passed the suburbs of the ancient Lutetia. Arrived on the heights, where, since then the melancholy Bicêtre erected its guilt-stained walls, but where nothing was at that time to be seen but a wood of cypress, she stopped to gaze once more on the city which contained her earthly all. She heard the distant sounds of

gladness celebrating her departure. She wiped away the tears which started to her eyes, and strove to distinguish on the vapoury horizon the roof of the Palace Valvert and the trees of its gardens. Her eyes refused to perform their office—all was a floating mass of undistinguishable objects. She turned away, and with a bursting heart quitted the spot for ever.

THE

TEA-POT GENTLEMAN.

Nothing has been more frequently remarked than the absurd and insufficient data on which foreigners form their notions of national characteristics. These are too often founded on some slight trait of individual peculiarity, and frequently on some deception expressly practised, and which certain gullible travellers catch at, and get hooked upon, like fish springing at artificial flies.

Rather a whimsical instance of this kind of error happened to a friend of mine—himself so

fond of whimsicalities, that I only wonder he has not already told the story to the public, in his own truly clever and humorous style.

This gentleman once received a commission—not military but civil—from an acquaintance of his, an elderly young lady, who lived in single blessedness at Versailles, within twelve miles of Paris. Like most English females of her time of life, she was particularly fond of tea—that genuine refresher for fading hopes and disappointed expectation — that best companion for loneliness of heart—and liquid representative of those "black spirits and green," which alone can neutralize the sickly tints of yellow melancholy and blue devils. This maiden had been sadly annoyed for some years with manifold varieties of tea-pots, of silver, delph, and porcelain, all of French manufacture, but of most uncouth and unseemly shapes, fit indeed for any purpose on earth, rather than the ornamenting of a breakfast-table, or the distillation of tea. In this dilemma she entreated my friend to purchase for her, on his next trip to France, a tea-pot of the particular composition called queen's

metal, unrivalled for its power of extracting the very quintessence of the essence of that vivifying leaf in which she rejoiced. My friend, always obliging and gallant, but somewhat dilatory, entered Exeter 'Change but a few minutes before the departure of the Dover mail, in which he had secured a place; and anxious to make the best choice, he looked from counter to counter—turned round and round, as he said himself, "just like a tea-*totum*, in search of a tea-*pot*."

Having at length suited himself, and paid half a guinea for his purchase, he hastened to the Angel Inn, St. Clement's, and took possession of his place in the mail; and all his trunks, and travelling bag, being already packed up in *the boot*, he put his tea-pot into what he facetiously called *the slipper*, that is to say, one of the pockets of the coach. My friend slept soundly till he arrived at Dover, where he took a hurried breakfast, having tried and proved the virtue of his tea-pot; and knowing the manufacture it was composed of to be prohibited in France, his fertile and contraband imagination soon devised

an expedient for getting it through the custom-house of Calais.

Many a specimen of sea-sick passengers has been from time to time served up for the public amusement—but never was one "so sick, so sad, so woe-begone," exhibited on the pier of Calais, in sad reality, as this gentleman on the day in question. He had the true tea-green hue of suffering on his cheek, and looked the very illustration of a breathing emetic, as he tottered out of the packet, tea-pot in hand.

"Ah, ha, Monsieur, est très malade?" inquired the keen and compassionate officer of customs, sharply eyeing my friend, as he spoke, quietly and cunningly feeling round his body with one hand, and taking hold of his tea-pot with the other.

"Malade—sick—yes—oui—*très* sick, very *malade*—very indeed—very *malade*, 'pon my life—d'ye hear, don't you seize that tea-pot, give me my tayère s'il vous plait—if you please, d'ye see."

"Ah! pas possible—c'est prohibie, Monsieur."

"Not possible!—the devil it isn't—but you must give it me for all that, *mon ami*, unless you'd commit murder! it's infected—poisoned—what d'ye think of that. It contains my ptisan—poisonous ptisan—arsenic, hellebore, and hemlock, mixed—death to any other man, life to me—'pon my life it's true—so now, give me the tea-pot, like a good fellow—I faint for a drink."

"Ma foi, you say true, indeed!" cried the custom-house officer, in amphibious English. "You do live on poison, indeed—you are ver ill-looking! Take your tayère, and drink your poison, my dear Saar, 'tis trop vrai, I see."

"Looking very ill, you spooney," cried my friend, "don't you know the difference, and be damned to you!" And he walked off without any fear of the officer going the *same way* that he did.

Well—the baggage was hurried through the custom-house—the places secured in the diligence—my friend in his seat—the tea-pot carefully deposited in the side-pocket—and opposite to *our* traveller was another, a French gentle-

man, who had also come down from London in the Dover mail, and had been busily employed on the road, taking notes (of admiration or interrogation, no doubt) in a little common-place book, which he carried constantly in his hand.

Arrived the next evening at Paris, coaches were to be again exchanged, and my friend was soon transplanted into the Versailles stage, with his old companions, the French note-taker and the metal tea-pot, for which he really began to conceive a sort of travelling affection. When the coach stopped at the door of his female friend, he got out, tea-pot once more in hand, made his adieux to his fellow-travellers, his salutation to his fair hostess, delivered the treasure into her keeping, told the arsenic artifice by which he eluded the Calais customs, took copious cups of the bright beverage, distilled in his own alembic, went back to Paris, laid in a rich store of whim and comicality, and soon after arrived in London.

Three years passed over the head of my friend, touching it as lightly, and polishing it as gently, as the hand of his spinster acquaint-

ance polished and preserved the uninjured surface of the memorable tea-pot, which was long since banished from his memory. One day, about the expiration of the period I mention, my friend went to dine by invitation at the house of a friend of *his*. He arrived somewhat beyond the time appointed, and even after the extra half-hour which prescription allows as a privilege of the cook. A party of eight or ten persons were assembled in the drawing-room. My friend entered, paused a moment on the outside, to make those little irresistible, and I might add, after all, *imperceptible* adjustments of wristbands, collar, and side curls, which not one man in a hundred—(not even my friend, though he is a man in a *thousand*,) ever enters a drawing-room without stopping to make. No sooner had he followed into the room the servant's announcement of his name, and just as he advanced to make his bow to the hostess and shake hands with the host, than a tall, black-haired, whiskered personage, rushed between him and the legitimate object of his earliest salutations, and with most vehement exclama-

tions, half French half English, he seized my friend in his brawny arms, hugged him almost to suffocation, and imprinted two burning kisses on his blushing and unaccustomed cheeks.

"Ah, mon Dieu, my God! Is it you, Saar—Est ce vous, Monsieur? Est il possible—is it possible! Que je suis enchanté de vous revoir! that I am enchanted to once more see you again over and over! Mon homme de la tayère—My tea-pot gentleman! Est ce vrai? Is it a true, not lie? Oh que je suis content de vous embrasser! That I am ver much glad and content to hug you in my arm! My dear tea-pot gentleman!"

You may fancy the surprise of the lady of the house, and her husband and the other guests, but it would puzzle a poet to imagine that of my imprisoned and astonished friend. He struggled, kicked, and plunged, in vain efforts to extricate himself from his strong-armed, and warm-hearted assailant. He answered every embrace by a jerk, and every exclamation by an oath. He lost all observance of manner and temper, and loudly called on his

host to give him protection. This gentleman, paralyzed by astonishment and convulsed with laughter, only added to the vexation of my irritated friend. The loud bursts of merriment irresistibly excited in the whole party of lookers on, was a proper accompaniment to the comicality of the situation, and the dialogue between the chief actors thus went on.

"What the deuce do you mean, I say—'Pon my life and soul, this is too bad—who the devil are you? Let me go, do then!"

"Ah, mon Dieu, my God! You do not remember?"'

"Never saw you before in all my born days!"

"Vous me never see before, never! I who went before you from London to Dover, from Calais to Paris, and from Paris to Versailles! Que je suis charmé de vous rencontrer!"

"Damn your rencontre—take your black whisker out of my mouth, and be cursed to you, do—or 'pon my life and soul—!"

"De tayère!—de tea-pot! You not remember—"

"The fellow's mad—'pon my life, stark mad!

Pray protect me—a straight waistcoat here! —send for a surgeon—he's squeezing me to death—'pon my life he is!"

"My God, mon Dieu! What I *have* suffered on your account!"

"What I *do* suffer on your account!"

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! my principle called in question!"

"Your due—your due! Are not you taking it back with interest, and be damned to you? 'Pon my life now—"

"My honneur, my reputation is in your hands!"

"My life and existence is in your arms! Let me go, do!"

"Will you go to Paris, den? Will you avow yourself de gentleman of de tea-pot? Will you save my honneur?"

"Will you spare my life, I say? Let me loose, and I'll go any, every where."

"You will?"

"I will."

"Go den," cried the Frenchman, loosening his hold—

"And be damned to you!" added my friend, by way of dove-tailing the colloquy, and re-adjusting his neckcloth, cravat, and curls.

A hurried explanation solved the enigma. The Frenchman was no other than the note-taking personage who travelled with my friend. He had passed a couple of months in this country at the time, and on his return to Paris had given a flimsy book to the public, called "Travels in England." Amongst other absurd traits of character, he asserted that Englishmen were so fond of tea, that they not only lived on it at home, but often travelled from one end of Europe to the other, tea-pot in hand. For this the unfortunate author was criticized, quizzed, and laughed at in all the Paris papers, and his book scouted for this one absurdity. He, however, believed what he had asserted from the isolated instance of his own observation, and he thus exemplified the folly of hasty conclusions, jumped at from false premises. He was almost driven to madness by that severest test of all philosophy, but most of all *French* philosophy; and his joy knew no

bounds at his recognition of the original and unconscious cause of his discomfiture.

He explained his grievance, and demanded, as an act of common justice at the hands of my friend, a full avowal in all the journals of Europe of the singular truth of his assertion; but being alive to reason as well as ridicule, he was, after some time, persuaded to abandon his request, and convinced that even the justification he sought would not be sufficient to disprove our homely proverb, that "one swallow does not make a summer."

THE VETERAN.

It was exactly ten years from the day on which I had last parted with my old acquaintance, Phil Hartigan, when I happened to arrive at the very spot where that parting interview took place. This was a fourth-rate town in one of the northern departments of France, in the very heart of the coal country, close on the borders of Belgium, where Captain Hartigan had been cantoned, for some time previous to the final removal of the British army of occupation.

My acquaintance with him commenced at Valenciennes, of the garrison of which place his

regiment formed a part; but after about a year's continuance there, he had been detached, with his company, to the little town in question, and to his very great discomfiture. And well he might be annoyed at the change—for never was a military man in pleasanter foreign quarters, as far as English military society in its best sense could make them pleasant, than in that garrison at the time I allude to. In this, I am sure to be borne out, by the memories of all who were there during 1815 and 1816, and who have one and all, I'll be bound, often thought of the balls, the dinners, the private plays, the gaiety and good fellowship, that ran through all the seasons in succession. It was early in the summer of the last of those years that I rode over, accompanied by two others, to pass a day with their old comrade, and allay, for ever so brief a space, the discontent which broke out, even in the invitation that led to our visit. I have never forgotten the last sentence of poor Phil's note—

"I'm an unfortunate devil: I seem to be stuck in this damned morass for life and death;

I am sure it will kill me, so come over like honest fellows as you ought to be, and give me one pleasant day on this side of the grave."

I have called this a *sentence :* it was so, certainly, a sentence of death; but as to any thing like grammatical division, punctuation, or such like pedantries, Phil Hartigan knew nothing of, or, knowing, despised them. He was a very clever fellow for all that, and had received a fair education, (as the phrase goes,) for the youngest son of an Irish gentleman. He was a good horseman, a steady shot, and tied his own flies. He could, even twenty years after he left school, write legibly, and read running hand; remembered "Gallia est divisa in tres partes;" "Tityre tu patulæ," and "Arma virumque cano;" the first two problems of Euclid, and full three parts of the Greek alphabet. He was a gallant fellow, full of his profession, in its best and most brilliant parts—so full that he had no room for any of the paltry trickery which cramped and degraded it. He was an extremely handsome man; sung well, with a natural, but uncultivated taste; and

although writing a common letter was a matter of infinite difficulty to him, he was the very best teller of a story that I ever listened to. Could he have written as he spoke, he would have been distinguished even in the present spring-tide of authorship, and his best stories would have run no risk of being botched by retail.

Phil Hartigan entered the army young, as young as the regulations permitted; and while yet a boy, was placed in command over men. Without any experience as to human nature, he was entrusted with a duty, for which knowledge of character is the most essential qualification. But he learned his profession, (somewhat at the expence of his soldiers to be sure,) and became in process of time a good officer.

After dodging about in home quarters for some few years, running the rounds of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in all the idleness of domestic duty, he at length entered on foreign service; was one of the expedition to South America, which ended with General Whitelock's ruinous affair; and on his return to

Europe, he immediately repaired to Spain, where he remained in constant and active duty till the remnant of the French armies were driven beyond the Pyrenees. After the battle of Toulouse, he was ordered to Canada, where he saw his share of whatever was going on; and recrossed the Atlantic once more, to be in time to get the last of his half dozen wounds in the desperate field of Waterloo. While an ensign, he led a forlorn hope—what a sadly eloquent title!—and in the usual style of reward, he got his lieutenancy—*by seniority.* While a lieutenant he had the uncommon distinction of being noticed by name in the general-in-chief's dispatch, and was promoted to a company—*by purchase.* As a captain, he on one occasion was lucky enough to command the battalion in the latter part of a general action, and was sure to obtain his brevet as major—when it might regularly come to *his turn.*

In fact, Phil Hartigan, like hundreds of fine fellows, had often distinguished himself, paid the last shilling of his little fortune for the commission he bore, left his track in his own and

the enemy's blood, wherever he served; but never had the good luck to obtain a prize in the lottery of military life, which (like other lotteries) makes a fine display of five, ten, and twenty thousand pounders, while ninety-nine out of every hundred of its expectant dupes, fire nothing but *blank* cartridge, from beginning to end of their career. It was thus with Phil Hartigan, who after twenty years' service, eleven campaigns, sieges, battles, and skirmishes without number; his body riddled, one arm disabled, bones and muscles shattered, and a constitution *shaken*, found himself stuck fast in his little cantonment, from which he never stirred, until he sunk into his narrow billet in its rustic burying-ground.

The day that I and my companion rode over to see him was a fine one in June, and as we walked our horses into the town, we heard a considerable clamour towards the market-place. We trotted in that direction, and the first thing that struck us was the fine figure of Phil, in a crowd of town's-people which surrounded a squad of four or five Cossacks, who had rode

into the market, got drunk in a cabaret, and were quarrelling together and belabouring each other unmercifully, with the short thick whips attached to their bridles. These savages did not lay on each other more ferociously than did some cowardly scoundrels of the town lay on *them*, when two or three of them were tumbled from their ponies and lay sprawling on the ground. All the enmity of the vanquished broke out, and the Cossacks would have been roughly handled indeed, had not a gallant ally been ready, in the person of the English captain, who instantly interfered, wielding his good arm powerfully, and making most unceremonious applications with the toe of his boot to the rearward demonstrations of the flying enemy, some dozens of whom ran before him in electrical dismay.

When the captain saw us he ceased from his labours, and joined heartily in the laugh which burst from us on observing the affair. The remounted Cossacks grinned forth their alliance with our jocularity, and charged through the streets at full gallop, upsetting (but happily not

hurting) man, woman, and child, vegetables, fruit, and poultry, without distinction. The crowd dispersed by sneaking units, like a cloud dissolving in single drops, and we repaired to the auberge where Phil was quartered, gave our horses in charge to his groom, and prepared with good appetites to attack the capital dinner which had been prepared for us. We passed the evening as usual on such occasions—drinking, singing, joking, picking broiled bones to revive our thirst, and swallowing fresh bumpers to excite new appetite. What a strange vision to look back upon are the scenes of early dissipation, passed in such orgies as these! How the days, and nights, and years all seem to swim and revolve before one, as the bottles and glasses did then! How pleasant, how profitless were those times! Yet not quite profitless either, if their recollection teaches us to relish the less highly spiced enjoyments of our after life.

We quitted Phil Hartigan and his desolate cantonment the next morning. We cantered off after breakfast, on our return to Valenciennes; and as we left the town, we threw back a Par-

thian glance at our solitary friend, who stood (his little white terrier Snap at his heels), looking after us, waving his cap, cheering us, and striving to cheer himself, with a view halloo, such as used to make the Kilworth mountains ring, when he followed his father's fox-hounds. We all remarked what a fine looking fellow he was at that parting moment, his black hair and whiskers curling gracefully, his cheeks flushed, and his whole appearance, such as we often see in florid-complexioned hard livers of five and thirty, or thereabouts, who have not begun to *break*. But when the break at last comes, in such good wearing constitutions, what a crash it is.

We returned Phil Hartigan's shout of salutation, entered a wood, lost sight of the town, and thus ended our visit.

It was just ten years from that day that I happened to arrive on that very spot. It was far out of the way of any reasonable purpose of mine; and I scarcely know what led me there, if it were not "a truant disposition," such as brought Horatio to Wittenburg. I had strag-

gled over a good part of the ancient province of Artois, and made pilgrimages to one or two shrines, which turned out scarcely worth the trouble. One of these was what is called in traditional phrase, the *ruins* of Thérouanne, an unfortunate town utterly destroyed by Charles V., in the year 1553. So completely has time followed the tracks of the ruthless conqueror, that no other trace but theirs is left, instead of what was once a rich and populous garrison. Not a stone is to be found, whose juxtaposition with another could tell to what structure they formerly belonged. Not a vestige is discoverable of the habitations of men; yet the peasant cicerones of the wretched village, which now bears the name of the town that was, talk of the cathedral and the citadel, the tower and the church, of this, that, and t'other saint, but can *shew* the traveller nothing but a cultivated ravine, which speaks itself to have been the ancient *fossée* that surrounded the place. Marius at Carthage, or Volney at Palmyra, had more positive, but not more convincing evidence of desolation. It is the very site for a philoso-

pher to build on, but tells little to the antiquary, and still less to the sketcher of scenes or manners. When I walked across the bleak and barren heights, which agriculture has not yet succeeded to redeem, a husbandman was driving his ploughshare into the ungrateful soil, and a sportsman and his dog ranging over fields, that could not produce sufficient grass to shelter a covey of birds.

I, too, had my gun in my hand, and my dog at my foot; but there was no business for either of us there. Three bipeds and a brace of setters formed a population too great for the surface which formerly sufficed for thousands.

Looking to the eastward, I was instantly struck with the notion of paying a visit to some of the not distant scenes of by-gone pleasures, or what passed current for such. I accordingly hurried off from these dreary heights, and took the road to Lille, followed close by Carlo, the son of Ranger—the reader will not require me to trace his pedigree further.

The church clock was striking twelve, (at noon) as I walked into the suburb of Phil

Hartigan's cantonment. The sun shone strongly on the little place, and brightened up its naturally gloomy features into something like a smile. But it was a melancholy vivacity. I looked along the street, and thought of the figure of poor Hartigan, as I had last seen him, and I thought of my two other companions, who had been dead several years, the one a victim to a West India fever, the other killed in a duel. Recollection became unpleasant. I regretted having returned to the place; and was half tempted to retrace my steps, when I was arrested by two shapes, most startling and questionable. These were a man and a dog; the first presenting a broken outline of Phil Hartigan, the latter a worn down resemblance of his terrier Snap.

"How very strange!" said I, stopping suddenly. The person I gazed at, stood still also, fixing his eyes on me.

"How devilish odd!" exclaimed he.

"Can it be credible?" uttered I.

"It isn't possible!" muttered he; but odd, strange, incredible or impossible as we might

have thought it, it was nevertheless true, that Phil Hartigan and myself were in an instant cordially shaking hands; while old Snap and young Carlo seemed to acknowledge each other as acquaintances, perhaps from some friendly or filial instinct, connected with the memory of poor old Ranger, who had been for some time dead and gone.

"My dear fellow! How glad I am to see you! How extraordinary! How time flies! How devilish fat you are grown!" were Phil's first exclamations.

"Do you think so?" said I, squeezing myself inwardly up, with the usual sensitiveness of corpulent men, striving to shrink into themselves. These were the only words I spoke for many minutes, while Phil ran on with a voluble string of question, and answer, salutation, and exclamation.

I was not more surprised at first view of him, than I was on the closer scrutiny on which I entered. I could not convince myself, for a moment or two, that I was not looking at Phil Hartigan's father, or his uncle, or an elder,

a much elder brother, or I scarcely knew to whom or what—but could this be Phil Hartigan himself? Could ten years have so completely changed, so broken, so decomposed him? Where were his black curls, and his black whiskers? The first were cut away by the scythe of Time, which sorrow had sharpened; the latter were shaved off by Phil's own razors, because they had grown gray. And his florid complexion? Disease and dissipation had first faded and then dyed it a yellow ground, with purple spots; his eyes were sunk, his forehead wrinkled, his cheeks hollow; and if *I* had grown fat, how had poor Phil grown thin! He was the mere shadow of his former self. A blue frock, of military cut (plainly a turn-coat, the first that Phil ever suffered to embrace him,) was tightly buttoned up to his chin, and the reverted cape was fastened even higher, with a hook and eye. Heaven knows what was the quality or colour of his shirt; but his rusty black handkerchief was surmounted by a stiff white *collar*, flanking his countenance on either side, and silencing any battery which inquisitiveness might direct

against him. A brown cloth foraging cap covered his head, without concealing the baldness of his temples; and a pair of threadbare pantaloons, grey worsted stockings, and well worn shoes, brought the picture down as far as it could go.

Such were the outworks of the once gay, handsome, dashing Phil Hartigan. His worn-down body was the covered way, his still open wounds the embrasures, his gallant spirit the rampart, and his heart the citadel, of this mortal type of some strong place, which the enemy had reduced by sap, but which had been impregnable to assault.

Having recovered from my astonishment, and suppressing it as best I could, the first burst of recognition over, we walked together towards the market-place.

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed Phil, "it's a perfect age since I saw you last."

"It is indeed a long time," answered I.

"Why, let me see—it must be six or seven years?"

"Ten, my dear Phil, *ten* this very day."

"Ten years! why, how can that be? you must be wrong—it can't be more than *eight*, at any rate?"

"I'll easily prove it—it was in 1816, I came over from Valenciennes here to see you, with Butler and Tom Wendburne."

"By Jove, so it was!"

"And it is now 1826."

"By Jove, so it is!"

The "was" and the "is" had exactly the same emphasis, and it appeared as if the past and the present date were alike confused in my poor friend's head.

"And my old comrades, Butler and Wendburne? How do they get on?" resumed he.

"Get on! poor fellows, they are dead this many a day."

"Indeed! then the world's a pair of good fellows the less," was the careless reply, which seemed to tell that time had carried away feeling, as well as memory in its flight.

As we walked on, I was amused by the appearance of Snap, who had too evidently moved in a parallel line to that which his master had

so rapidly taken down the hill—of life, I mean. Snap, who had been originally of a youthful white, was now of a dusky gray, his ears, and parts of his neck and back, shewed patches of flesh-coloured baldness. He was blind of one eye; extremely deaf; and altogether a venerable specimen of half-pay terriers, on the superannuated list. His master observed me eyeing him; and he asked me if "I did not think poor Snap greatly altered?"

"And his master!" said I to *myself;* but I *answered* Phil's question, without any personal reference. He had shifted his quarters from the *Auberge* to a small apartment, consisting of two chambers, in the house of an old woman called Madame Penelope, in a narrow street near the market-place. At sight of the house, I easily divined that it was poverty which gave to the unlucky veteran the route from his former comfortable sojourn. The abode into which he now ushered me was a sad contrast to the other; quite as much so as poor Hartigan was to what he had been. Yet notwithstanding the breaking up in health, appearance, manners, and even

feelings, Phil had saved something from the wreck. His natural character was unharmed, as every thing about him gave evidence. His bed room was neat, and his little *salon* adjoining it, displayed some of the nicknacks of military collection, that he was formerly so fond of. In fact, the whole air of the place spoke the habits of soldier regularity, with somewhat of old bachelor precision. The articles of the veteran's scanty wardrobe were folded and laid on their shelf, snugly covered with a cloth, to keep off the dust: though had it lain thickly on most of them, it would have been but nearly the same thing as "ashes to ashes." On nails over the chimney place were arranged the old sabre, the battered breast-plate, and the gorget, which had all served so many campaigns, and given or received so many hard knocks. A pair of moccassins or Canadian slippers, were hung one at each side of these; and those again flanked by a South American buffalo hunter's leathern belt, and a pair of Spanish castanets. An Indian warrior's cap surmounted the whole; and the veteran's own old sash was festooned among

them. On the mantelpiece lay several relics, picked up in the various countries where he had served; and the walls were covered with bows and arrows, snow shoes, and divers articles of costume or implements of warfare; while a rusty gun and cobweb-covered fishing rod, shewed plainly that their owner had for many a day "foregone all customs of exercise."

After an oft-repeated welcome, and an offer of a dram, (which, on my declining, my host took for himself,) he left me for a while to discuss with his landlady (who was also his housekeeper, chamber-maid, and cook) the preparation for dinner; and then to step over and give notice of my arrival to his messmate and only companion in the place. This was Toby Underwood, a half-pay lieutenant of marines, a very old ally, who had joined company with Phil, and settled in this dull place, out of pure compassion, and who was, he also assured me, "as brave and as safe a fellow as ever stood before a foe, or sat down beside a friend."

When I was thus left alone, I employed myself, in the usual way of killing time in a strange

room, looking at every article it contained with a listless scrutiny. Had I been disposed to indulge the moralizing mood, I should have stood ruminating before the different objects of *virtu*, which brought so many associations connected with days of yore. But I preferred thumbing over poor Phil's library, which I found (without the aid of a catalogue) to consist of a copy of "Joe Miller's Jest Book;" one of the "Rules and Regulations," much torn; one number of Mrs. Inchbald's "British Theatre," the frontispiece stained with wine; an army list for "November, 1816," the red cover wanting; and a volume of "Blair's Lectures," an old edition—but quite as good as new. There were also a "Navy List," of rather a later date, a tract on the "Dry Rot," and "The Midshipman's Manual," or some such title; but these latter had the name "Tobias Underwood" written on them, too plainly to let me mistake them for Phil Hartigan's.

I chose the old army list for my reading, and I saw how closely and constantly poor Phil had made it his study. Every page bore marginal

notes. They were necessarily brief, from the narrow space which so edifyingly contrasts these monthly records with other modern works, to the full as ephemeral. A little *d*, or *k*, or *p*, before many of the names, denoted "*dead*," "*killed*," "*promoted*," as was corroborated by my own knowledge of the men and their fate; and these brief annotations formed a praiseworthy pattern of what ought to be the style of commentators in general. The *p's*, I was sorry to observe, bore a very small proportion to the *d's* and *k's*. I did not care to pursue the calculation, or to dwell on the probable chances of poor Phil himself becoming entitled to *d* and *b* (dead and buried) before his name, long ere the arrival of "the brevet," which he so reckoned on, as sure to put him among the *p's*.

He soon returned to me; and we went to stroll up and down the narrow walk lined with stunted limes, named by the amorous natives the "Allée d'Amour," but which Phil called familiarly "the Mall." He could tell the measurement of this miserable promenade to an inch, and knew every knot in each individual tree,

while he had worn a way, by his regular pacing to and fro, as deep, though not so lasting, as that indented in the aisle of Canterbury Cathedral by the pilgrims to the shrine of Thomas à Becket.

During this stroll, and the "half hour" before dinner, and the additional *quarter*, allowed to the cook in all countries, I became fully informed of my companion's circumstances and sufferings since the day I had seen him last. His tale was easily told, but not his comments on it; for he bewailed the hardship of his case at great length, and with that fluent bitterness which few, but those who have themselves suffered, can sympathize with, as well as listen to. It was soon after the period of my former visit in 1816, that Captain Hartigan, coming within the reductions which took place in the army, found that he was on the point of being thrown out of his profession, and on the world, with his half-pay as his only support; for he had no capability of adding to it in any way to which a gentleman could condescend, at least according to his notions of the thing. The nation

called for retrenchment, and it fell upon those who might have been spared, by the sacrifice of a few sinecures. But the adopted species of economy (which was neither political nor politic) deprived poor Phil, with many a fellow-sufferer, of the pension to which two of his wounds had for several years entitled him, and which he had foolishly believed was granted for life. So that at the moment that his pay, his allowances, and means of living were reduced one half, he was also cut off from this pension; and thus an income, which to a bachelor soldier was really affluence, became suddenly exchanged for one which was little more than penury. But even the integrity of this pittance was not respected by the tailors, and brokers, and creditors of all kinds, who had long encouraged the unthinking debtor to go deeper and deeper into debt, and never asked for one guinea while he could have easily paid them; but now all at once insisted on receiving every shilling of their exorbitant demands, when he had not a penny too much for his bare support.

Phil entered into a short examination of his

affairs, which he had not done for twenty years, that is to say, since he had had any affairs to examine. He found himself encumbered beyond all chance of extrication; he was dunned and threatened with complaints to the Horse Guards, and public exposure of all kinds, in the insolent language which low fellows delight in having an opportunity to use towards a gentleman. Phil was an honourable man; he did all he could do; he offered the best compromise in his power, and he made over the half of his half-pay to liquidate all demands. This was indeed a forlorn hope, more hopeless than the one he escaped from fifteen years before. The annual fund raised in this way was "a sinking fund," that interest, costs, postage, and commission, could never allow to rise. But Phil always looked forward to "the Brevet;" it was, to be sure, a long time before that could arrive; but looking back with wonder on the rapid flight of years gone by, he thought that those to come would pass over as quickly. He did not yet know the drawling pace of time, that is linked with suffering and followed by disappointment.

Year after year rolled on, till hope was utterly chilled and blighted. Without society or any other solace for his long career of dissipated delight, Phil Hartigan retrograded in morals as he advanced in years. Hard drinking succeeded to good fellowship, and brought all the terrible evils that invariably follow in its train. The constitution thus assailed surrendered at discretion, or rather without any, for the prudence of a drunkard is analogous to the "*Pain à discretion*" of a Frenchman, who in *that* article possesses none whatever. But I must not lean heavily on poor Phil; I seem to tread on his grave.

The reduced veteran did not, however, all at once sink into despondency, and to the last he never despaired. He memorialed, and petitioned, "ever prayed," and always *hoped*. His applications to be put on full pay met with instant attention—a constant refusal. He had, in fact, no interest; and the royal chief at the head of the army, could not, with the very best intentions, accede to the requests of all the claimants that formed its tail. When Phil prayed

for the continuance of his pension, he was politely invited to exhibit his wounds before the Medical Board; but it not being *moveable* as well as medical, that was impossible. Phil could not shew himself in London: the Board was fixed there—and neither Mahomet nor the mountain stirred an inch.

Thus affairs stood at a dead halt for several years, and Phil was sinking fast, when his old acquaintance, Toby Underwood, himself on half-pay, mutilated, and with small resources, came over on a visit to his friend. Toby found the place quite as good as any other for his purposes; thought Phil Hartigan better than most men for a companion; and discovered the brandy to be far the best he had ever procured for so little money. A close compact was accordingly entered into between the invalided warriors; and an alliance offensive, and defensive, against sorrow of all sorts and devils of every colour, from the coal-black leg of a broiled turkey, to the very *bluest* that ever blazed in a bowl of burnt brandy. The partnership answered extremely well; there was a perfect

union of interests, no disproportion of capital, and consequently no elements of discord. The associates thought very nearly alike on all subjects of interest to them ; abused the government that left them unpromoted, and mutually forgot that there are men so exclusively suited by nature for subordinate stations, that advancement to places for which they have no capacity is the greatest evil which can befall them. On two points of serious controversy among the best friends, politics and religion, neither Phil nor Toby ran a risk of clashing in opinion, because on those points they had but one between them. They reciprocally thought that politics was but another name for corruption, and religion for hypocrisy. With the townspeople, the messmates maintained a high ground, and they were much respected. This may be thought curious enough, for two men who had together only a crown a day to spend ; the secret was they spent *no more* than they had. The contrary is paradoxical, and, I must acknowledge, somewhat Irish, not only in expression, but in practice.

I was formally presented to Toby by our mutual friend. I found him a blunt, good tempered North of England man, with a wooden leg, a fair knowledge of the world he had moved in, but not a person to make discoveries. A marine is naturally an amphibious animal. He can live very well on land, and if hard pressed there, he takes to the water. Such a man, if at all intelligent, ought to be a pleasant mixture of *both;* Toby was so in effect, just like a glass of his own grog, half and half. He told several good anecdotes of service at sea and on shore; and might have passed for a capital *raconteur* (in the best meaning of the term), had he not been utterly eclipsed by Phil Hartigan.

No sooner was dinner over, and Phil's heart warmed with a couple of bumpers of strong liqueur, and a bottle of Burgundy, than he began to open out, like other night flowers, in full fragrance. He by degrees unfolded the leaves of recollection (in vulgar analogy "the tablet of memory"); and by the time the wine bottles had abdicated in favour of the brandy flask, he had completely resumed possession of

his old character, and burst out in as dazzling a display of story-telling as ever shone upon a night of conviviality. This was Phil Hartigan's peculiar talent. I never heard him say what is called a *good thing.* He knew nothing of repartee, or punning. But give him a story, ever so trifling, and from his unique power of description, and of mimicry, in idioms, accent, and pronunciation, he made more of it than ever may be made by another.

On the night I speak of, he told several of his stories—they were all old ones, but not a bit the worse for wear. His memory was as good as ever, and it was all the same to him whether he handled a grave or a gay subject. Toby Underwood had heard all these stories oftener even than I had. Still he laughed at some of them, as though they had been bran-new ; and actually wept at others—but not till after his second bottle and sixth tumbler.

Daylight had fairly extinguished our candles before we broke up. At length Toby departed for his lodgings, and Phil retired to bed, having first seen me snugly settled on the stretcher which

was prepared for me in the *salon*. I had drunk but little in proportion to my companions; and Phil made me many a reproach for having become a *flincher*.

"That's what a man is sure to come to by living in this damned country—isn't it, Toby?" said Phil, filling his glass.

"Indeed it is," answered Toby, emptying *his*.

"It will be our fate too, I suppose," added Phil, swallowing a bumper.

"Not before 'the Brevet,'" thought I.

"Ay, and mine, no doubt, *after all*," rejoined Toby, replenishing his tumbler.

"But not sooner," thought I.

In consequence of my abstinence I had three or four hours of sound sleep, and got up quite refreshed. There was no chance of Phil's rising, for he snored audibly in the room beside me. I was at a loss what to do. The library and the museum could afford me no novelty; so I pryed about, into every hole and corner of the *salon*, in search of some unexamined object. The only thing I discovered was a little mahogany box.

It being unlocked, I was induced to open it, supposing it to contain some little token of curiosity, a wild boar's tusk, or some such matter of foreign extraction. But all the earth's collections of natural philosophy or comparative anatomy combined, could not have so surprised, so interested, or so affected me, as did the contents of poor Phil Hartigan's mahogany box, and the simple inscription which labelled the papers that enfolded them. On the outer envelope was written,

"Fragments of an old soldier."

And on the separate little parcels within this cover,

"No. 1, Bones of my Leg, Monte Video."

"No. 2, Bones of my Head Talavera."

"No. 3, Bones of my Arm, Badajos."

A heavier paper, containing a flattened bullet wrapped in cotton, was inscribed,

"No. 4, Ball cut out at Waterloo."

These relics of long service and long suffering, caused me a feeling of deep melancholy, which all the efforts of their owner and his messmate could not remove. I passed the day

sadly, and the succeeding night no better. As soon as the bottle began to circulate after dinner, Phil acknowledged the inspiration, and returned to the track of his natural vivacity; but his stories seemed to have lost their pleasant flavour. Their gaiety was no longer gay, and their sadness was more sad than ever. I could not rouse myself to a free participation in the nightly enjoyments of the poor fellow whose days were so utterly comfortless; and I found that to prolong my visit would be to increase my discomfort. On the third morning, therefore, I took my leave, promising, and faithfully intending, to renew my visit ere long, with strong hopes of being able to realize a project for digging poor Phil out of his solitary station, and transplanting him to a more social soil.

Phil shook my hand cordially as we parted, entreated me to return soon to see him, assured me that he should not remain much longer where he was, as "the brevet" was sure to give him his promotion almost immediately.

Within a month from that day I received a letter, written on coarse paper, with a broad

patch of common black sealing wax, bearing the impression of an anchor, surmounted by a fire-lock, like a crest over a coat of arms. It was as follows:—

"Dear Sir,

"You will regret to learn that our poor friend Phil Hartigan was buried this morning. He died two days ago, rather suddenly, of what the doctor calls a breaking up of the system. I think it was his heart that was broken. He was as brave and pleasant a fellow as ever lived or died; but you know that as well as I can tell it. Our poor friend requested me to write to you as soon as all was over. I had him buried as respectably as I could, and I thought it but right that the little box of his splintered bones, which he had so carefully preserved, should be laid in the coffin with his other remains.

"I am, Dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"Tobias Underwood."

"P.S. Snap died about a week before his master."

I was not a little shocked on reading this letter. The suddenness of the news was aggravated by the fact that I had just completed an arrangement for poor Hartigan's change of residence to the place I had contemplated. But it was, perhaps, better that he should have died where he did, where so little existed to cause a regret for the world he quitted.

His grave is marked by a small stone with his name cut on it, followed by some half dozen lines, telling truly the good qualities he possessed. How few, if any, of his many acquaintances, companions, and friends, will ever see the spot, or read his epitaph!

I have thrown loosely on paper a few of his anecdotes, from recollection, which suffices for the outline, but cannot attempt the filling up. These will be scarcely recognized for poor Phil's spirited sketches, by those who have heard them in his original recital. They always, in fact, appeared to me as fitter to be told by the tongue than the pen. But the great majority of my readers have never heard them, as I have, and may pardon the imperfections of which they do not know the extent.

ETCHINGS

OF

MILITARY SCENES.

NO FIRE! NO FIRE!

I ONCE happened to be stationed with a small detachment in a secluded village in the south of Ireland; one of those romantic and wild positions which abound in that country, fit theatres for the display of every feeling that agitates mankind in its half civilized state. The district was disturbed. Nightly outrages, by wretched marauders, whom misery made desperate, kept the scanty gentry and simple peasantry in perpetual alarm, and myself and my party in constant preparation. Sudden attacks on small military posts were frequent, and even daylight was not always a security against the daring attempts of Caravats and Shanavests—the dis-

tinctive appellations of the insurgents of those days.

The little barrack occupied by me and my detachment stood on the road side, at the entrance to the village, and was fronted by a thick wood, which stretched along the opposite hills, and came down in a mass of shadow to the very road. A narrow lane that led into its heart opened upon the road, some twenty yards from the barrack. This outlet was the chief point of suspicion for the wary eye of the sentries, who, day and night, paced before the door; and the frequent report of musket shots from the wood, made the recruits of whom my little party was chiefly formed, give many a hurried glance and take many a rapid turn, as on their hours of duty they walked close to the neighbourhood of that convenient spot for treachery and ambush.

It was one day in October, that I was on the point of sallying out, my gun in hand, and my dog at my heel, to take my usual hour or two of sport in the wood and on its skirts, when a very sudden and heavy shower of rain forced me to pause for awhile at the door, and drove the sentry, a raw, unfledged hero of about seventeen, into his box. The three or four little messes into which my

detachment was formed, were just sitting down to their early dinner, and I was rather amused by the hungry impatience with which one of the groups inquired for their mess-woman, Mrs. Merryweather, a comely hen cockney, hatched in Shoreditch, and the veteran dignity with which the corporal, her husband, repressed their voraciousness, assuring them she would be back with a table cloth from its drying place on the hedge which skirted the lane, before the beef and potatoes could be ready.

At the very instant of this explanation, a piercing scream from the throat of this identical Mrs. Merryweather, struck upon my ear, and was followed by the terrified woman herself flying from the lane, the drenched table cloth held up before her, like a sail to the wind, and her dripping hair floating behind. Young O'Toole, the sentry, as he heard and saw her appalling voice and form, bounded electrically out of his box, and with fixed eyes and fixed bayonet stood shaking in every joint.

"What the devil is it, for the love of Jasus, Mrs. Merryweather?" cried he. "Turn out the guard, turn out the guard!"

"Yes, yes, the devil, the devil," screamed

Mrs. Merryweather, "the devil or the vild, orrid, Hirish brutes coming to murder, burn, and wiolate us hall!" and as the three or four men composing the guard tumbled out, hastily seizing their arms, she flung herself into the embrace of the corporal, who had rushed into the road with the whole open-mouthed detachment, men, women, and children. Shouts now issued from the wood, and an attack seemed certain. I cocked my gun, and advanced, followed by the guard. Approaching the shaking sentinel, I sternly asked him,

"What, O'Toole, are you trembling?"

"Is it trembling, your honour?" replied he; "then if I am, it's trembling to be at them."

At this moment a figure rushed from the wood, frightful at first sight and shocking on examination. It was that of a man, tall, gaunt, and middle aged. Fever was on his lip and madness in his eye. His hollowed cheeks, bushy beard, and matted hair, spoke disease, neglect and misery; and the wild glance which rolled backwards as he tottered towards me, gave evidence of maniac imbecility and exhaustion. His right hand grasped a staff, which was useless either for support or offence, while he feebly

waved his arm above his head. His body was wrapped in a coarse blanket, girded round his middle by a rope of straw; his emaciated limbs were all bare, with the exception of his left arm, which was enveloped in the rude covering that formed his only shelter against wet and wind.

While the soldiers stood steadily prepared, not merely for the approach of this apparition, but for whatever might follow its movements, the poor wretch fearlessly, or rather unconsciously, moved forwards; and redoubled his pace as about half a dozen ragged village boys, who pursued him with loud shouts, emerged from the lane. Flying from their persecution to the shelter of the barrack, he implored protection with an air so piteously helpless, that even the fears of O'Toole and Mrs. Merryweather died away before the compassionate wonder which irresistibly seized on every bystander. Every one made way for him, and he entered the barrack: and seemingly allured by the savoury fragrance of the dinners, he advanced into one of the inner rooms; but, as it seemed to me, in momentary consciousness of his forbidding and forlorn appearance, he shrunk back from the *fire-place*, and crouched low upon a

little three legged stool, in the most distant corner. He was immediately surrounded by the kind hearted soldiers and their kinder wives, who, one and all, got over their disgust and fright, and vied with each other in attending to their miserable guest. Large portions of soup, bread and meat, were placed before him, and voraciously devoured, while a murmured utterance of thanks and blessings broke from him at intervals. When his hunger was satiated, I said to him,

"Now, my poor fellow, come warm and dry yourself—get near the fire."

"Oh, no, no," groaned he, in a hollow and shuddering tone — "no fire—no fire!" and, starting up from his sitting posture, he rushed to another corner of the room, into which he huddled himself, putting his face close to the wall, and shivering in the violent impulse of some horrible recollection. This emotion excited in about equal ratios the pity of the men and the terror of the women, thus stamping its alliance with the first and finest elements of that deep-tragic feeling from which it sprung. Perceiving that the coarse sympathy of the group around him only worried the poor sufferer, I

strove with a little more address to soothe his irritation. My efforts succeeded—for after a few minutes he looked gratefully up to me, and exclaimed, in a tone of deep and savage pathos,

"God bless you, and keep you and your's from fire and flame! Look here!" continued he, abruptly, "look here, where it scorched and withered me;" and with gesture and action suiting the words, he drew from beneath his blanket the shrunken and excoriated remnant of his once sinewy arm. The marks of the fierce element were fresh on it—it was scathed and scorched from the shoulder to the wrist—a blasted branch of the decaying stem it hung to.

"Good God! How did this happen, poor creature?" burst from a dozen voices.

"Whist, whist, and I'll tell you," hoarsely whispered the maniac, his finger to his lips; "but say nothing—don't waken them—Norah and the childer are sleeping still—whist! It was—let me see—how many weeks? seven—or eight—or nine—no matter, no matter—but the flax was taken out of the bog-holes, all dry and ready for scutching—the whole roof of the

cabin was lined with it—it was like tinder—one spark was enough to set it blazing, and I stuck a whole rush-light against the wall! But I must tell you—that Norah had just been brought to bed—the child was at her breast—God help me! I forget how many days ould it was—but it was at her breast, in the bed wid her—in the little closet—and two more, Biddy and Patrick, were beside her—all, *all* together. I stuck the rush against the wall while I was stripping myself—the wind blew through the wisp of straw in the window—the rush blazed up—the flax caught it—the whole house was in flames—I run into the closet—Norah was crying—and the childer—they were burning—they were smothering—my body and my brain caught fire—I was all blazing—and when I came to my raison *they* were all *cinders!*—house, wife, and childer—every sowl of them—burned—burned—burned! Don't cry—don't cry, my good woman—and the men, too! God bless you all! but all the salt tears in the wide world couldn't put out the flames!———— Where did I leave off! Ay, ay—when I come to my raison—that's three days ago—I was on the big mountains by the sea-side—and I run down then, and

threw myself into the broad waves, to quench my heart that was scorching. But somebody took me out—the faver was gone—and I got my raison!"——

A long pause followed this hurried and harrowing recital. In a few kind words I begged of him to lie down on one of the beds and rest his poor mind and body; but he sprang up wildly, exclaiming, with a sickening emphasis on the last word,

"Rest myself! Oh! no, your honour—I must go *home!*"

"Home!" involuntarily echoed every voice, "home!"

"Ay, indeed, home! and why not? Aren't they waiting for me — poor Norah and the childer! God bless you all—God bless you — let me go, let me go."

I saw it was in vain to oppose reasoning to a wretch who had no longer "discourse of reason." On the contrary, I encouraged him to go—and thus kept him in parley while my servant brought from my room some old and motley garments for decency and comfort sake. But I had not his outfit entirely on my hands, for there was not a man or woman in the bar-

racks who did not offer to contribute something towards the task of clothing him. He was soon equipped — but the grotesque mixture of his half military attire did not raise one smile in the group, from male or female. Blessings and sobs were mixed together in rude eloquence as he left the door; and just as he started, with my servant for his protector through the village, the sun burst out, a bright arch, like a bended bow, sprang across the heavens, and the maniac's cheerless day of life was gilded by one delusive gleam of hope.

HOME SERVICE:

STARVING MANUFACTURERS AND WARLIKE WEAVERS.

An explosion of manufacturing despair, which suddenly burst out in the northern counties of England, shook the garrisons of some of the remotest towns, and fairly dislodged whole regiments from their quarters. The blowing up of this political powder-mill, was, in fact, felt far and near. Our regiment got the route at an hour's notice, and was rattled away in waggons, day and night, without a single halt from Essex to Lancashire.

As we entered the scene of disturbance, the cottages for whole leagues of the high road were deserted and locked up. We could at time

perceive the hungry inhabitants, on the tops of hills or the verge of plantations, looking fearfully at us, and ready to run into shelter at the near approach of "the paddies." We were the only Irish regiment ordered into the insurgent districts.

The sight of the unemployed and haggard population of the towns was most afflicting; but the fierce drollery of some of our fellows used at times to burst out, in spite of their compassion.

"For pity's sake, master," said a miserable looking man, in a town where we stopped for breakfast, to Barny Grogan, one of the company I belonged to, "don't level low when you fire at us—we are poor starving wretches."

"Indeed then I'll not, honey—not more than an inch below the waistband," answered Barny, cutting a loaf which he had just purchased.

"God help us!" sobbed the weaver, shedding tears of actual despair.

"Arrah, come here, my poor crathur; is it crying you are? Here, take this loaf of bread. Bad luck to me if I meant a word of what I said, sorrows the word, and may heaven resave me if I don't miss fire or burn priming, every time I let fly at yiz, right or wrong."

The weaver ran off with the loaf to his famishing children; and Barny was, to my knowledge, *as good* as his word; for he was soon after flogged for persisting in firing over the heads of the assailants, in a desperate attack on a cotton mill.

We were soon encamped in the heart of the insurrection, if the desultory risings around us deserved the title. Small parties were stationed in all the petty towns and villages in the neighbourhood; and I was soon ordered with a detachment, to relieve another of ours, twelve miles off, which had had rather a serious affray, in which the little lieutenant who commanded, was all but thrown over the battlements of the bridge.

It was a fine summer morning when we started at day-break, and in about five hours we were close to the town to which we were bound. As we approached, I heard the shrieking crash of an ill-trained military band; and presently a regiment of local militia, about twelve hundred strong, came straggling out, in full marching *dis*order, on their way to the exercise-ground, about half a mile from the town. It was the time of annual training, and a season, as may be supposed, of prodigious importance to these

shuttle-throwing veterans, from the colonel to the corporal, "pioneers and all."

Being resolved to gratify their pride of military consequence, I formed my little party in line by the road side, drew my sword, ordered "fixed bayonets;" and stood, with "shouldered arms," ready to salute the regiment as it passed. But I little anticipated the embarrassment I was about to cause to the worthy warriors. No sooner were my ambiguous motions observed by the colonel at the head of the column, than he consulted with the lieutenant-colonel beside him, and called up the major and adjutant, who rode in the rear. A halt was commanded; and I saw that a road-side council of war was holden, as to the measures of etiquette to be pursued in this most difficult predicament.

They seemed at length to decide that I was not drawn up in actual order of battle, and that they were to repay my salute with a return of all possible honours. The word "march," was accordingly given again, and the whole column advanced in slow time, the band crashing forth a grand symphonia, with triangle, cymbals, and great drum, each and all *obligato*. The

four mounted officers rode abreast, at the head of the regiment; and on my presenting arms (as in duty bound) on the music passing me, the colonel thought he could not do less; and consequently, at his command, the whole of the marching battalion came to the "*present;*" the officers leading companies, and their subalterns, saluted; and the colours were swept down to the very dust, in honour of myself and my twenty men. Any Johnny Raw, who ever attended half a dozen drills, can tell what a ludicrous display all this must have been. My own men had, I must confess, a very disorganized appearance, for almost every one of them was forced to stuff a glove, a handkerchief, or a *hand* into his mouth to avoid laughing outright—but the whole pageant passed off very well.

As soon as I got my men into their billets, I dressed, roused up my old friend Toby Underwood, who was recruiting in the place; and being resolved on getting a dinner at the local militia mess, I waited on the colonel on his return from the exercise ground, and presented him a report of the strength of my detachment, the meaning of which document puzzled him amazingly. As I expected, he asked me to

dinner, and I consented, with rather a patronizing air, on condition that my friend Toby was invited, together with a cornet of heavy dragoons, who was stationed in the place, like myself, with a small detachment. The dinner hour was *noon*, the usual time with all the weavers, warehousemen, and cotton spinners of the country. I had scarcely a moment to see Toby and the cornet, convey the colonel's invitation, and concert a plan of operations for mystifying the *localities*, when the dinner bugles sounded, and we repaired to the inn.

Two rooms had been knocked into one, that is to say, the partition between them was removed, to make accommodation for so large a party. There were upwards of fifty officers of the regiment present, not one being missing, except a couple who were too seriously indisposed to be able, like their brethren, to strut their this year's fortnight per annum on the stage of military caricature.

The arrangement of the almost interminable table was not a little amusing to us who went to criticize. At the head where we, the strangers, were posted, with the field officers, several bottles of wine, red and white, were placed.

"Midway down," like the samphire gatherer, on Dover Cliff, and below the captains who came next to us, decanters of rum and brandy punch marked the station for the subalterns of senior rank; and the lowest compartment of the festive board was garnished with bottles of beer and ale, fit beverage for the ensigns, the quartermaster, and adjutant, who occupied the foot of the table. The colonel sat at the head; Toby Underwood next to him at one side, the dragoon cornet at the other; the lieutenant-colonel was between Toby and me; and on my left was the captain of grenadiers, a gaunt, raw-boned attorney from one of the neighbouring towns. Opposite to me, and next to the cornet, sat the major, a complete specimen of the species "Sturgeon," a corpulent and red-faced old fellow, in a brown bob wig—a wealthy publican of the place, who seemed, like Boniface, to have lived on his own ale. The rest of the captains were shopkeepers or master manufacturers. The colonel was himself a landowner, who, from having originally swept a warehouse, became immensely rich; and gradually advanced from porter to cotton spinner, from cotton spinner to proprietor, and was then on the very point of purchasing a

rotten borough, and going into parliament. The lieutenant-colonel was a man of pretty nearly the same original stamp, though he had not the talent to wear it out, in the progress of advancement in the world, like his superior officer. In fact, the latter was, though ignorant, a cleverish fellow in his way—the other, my next neighbour, a mere vulgarian, and one of that decided kind that feels, or affects a pride in his vulgarity. During the dinner he gave me several sketches of the persons at table, of himself among the rest; and vaunting his own and others' wealth, he finished, by telling me,

"Yes, Lieutenant Hardygun—that's your name, isn't it, eh?—Yes, lieutenant, we are all sprung from the dunghill, every one of us; but dammee, d'ye hear, we ha' been wiser than the cock in the old story, for when we found the jewel we knew its value."

The importance attached to the titles of even the lowest grades of these heroes, was droll enough. In military society all officers below the rank of captain are indiscriminately called *mister*. But on this occasion no man's rank was slurred over. It was lieutenant this, ensign that, adjutant

such a one, quartermaster so and so, all through the day.

"Pass the punch, Lieutenant Twist," said one; "Clear off your heel taps, Adjutant Wheeler," cried another. "The pleasure of a glass of hale with you, Ensign Spinaway?" asked the quartermaster.

"Two, if you please, Quartermaster Windwell," answered the ensign.

There was tremendous execution done among the dishes; some of the feasters seemed put to a nonplus, certainly, in the usages of a table handsomely served, and displaying a profusion of plate; the silver forks came very unhandy to sundry of the hard-fisted subalterns, and various mouths ran imminent risk of being enlarged, by the edges of the knife blades which were thrust into them. These are, however, but invidious observations—let them pass.

There was a profusion of wine, punch, and ale, consumed during dinner, and many of our entertainers were nearly drunk before the cloth was removed. The clamorous conversation, the joking and jibing of the uncultivated youths in the region of malt liquor, was mixed with the more spirited sallies of the punch

drinkers; and such a Babel-like confusion arose, that the colonel felt it necessary to put it down by the mere force of lungs. The toasts accordingly began, and any man who has ever been in the north can well imagine the speechifying which followed.

The King, the Duke of York and the Army, the Duke of Clarence and the Navy, the Church, the State, the Ministers—religious and political, and many other toasts of a general nature were given, with suitable exordiums by "Mister the Colonel-President," the title by which every one at table scrupulously addressed him. But "a health," of a nature more immediate to the company, was now about to be proposed.

"Clear off, gentlemen!" cried the colonel, in a tone of command, "fill a bumper! I give you the health, happiness, and prosperity, gentlemen, of our gallant and distinguished guests, the regular officers of the army and marines, now present; the representatives of three branches of the tree of our national glory, the warp, the woof, and the weft, of the land service; the horse, foot, and dragoons of the British army." Toby had told the major, that

he belonged to the "Horse Marines;" the major passed it to the colonel, and so the thing stood.

It became necessary to make a reply, in acknowledgment of the honour just done us. My neighbour, the grenadier captain, told me, it was expected we should each make a speech, but Toby declined plump, while the cornet merely stood up, and briefly said, "Gentlemen, all your healths!" Seeing the disappointment of our entertainers, who received that short sentence with loudly expectant cries of "Hear! hear!" I stood up, and after a few sentences of thanks, I burst into a warm eulogium of the institution of the local militia; talked of serving one's country, fighting for one's firesides, covering one's self with glory—of patriotism, heroism, laurels, liberty, cannons, musketry, broadswords, and battering rams, in a most edifying mixture of splendid incomprehensibility. The room echoed with cheers, the table groaned with thumps; glasses were upset, bottles broken, and most honourable testimonies to my eloquence overflowed the table, in rivers of port, sherry, brandy, and strong ale. I proposed the colonel's health. He made an oration, and

gave the lieutenant-colonel's. From him the toasts and the speeches went gradually down one side of the table and up at the other. Some vowed that "It was the happiest day of their lives;" others declared, "They wanted words;" others again, that "They were overpowered by the unexpected honour;" one fellow said "His heart was as full as his rummer of punch;" and another still *more original*, began, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—"

But when it came to the major's turn to make his speech, and put an end to the oratorical display, my friend, the grenadier attorney, gave me a nudge with his bony elbow in the ribs, and said—

"Listen now, lieutenant, listen, I say; now you'll hear something good, depend on't, the major's a pithy oul' fellow, and when he speaks 'tis to th' purpose—listen!"

The old major rose from his chair with due solemnity; broad blotches covered his face in variegated shades of purple and crimson. He looked all of a blaze, he took a quid of tobacco out of his mouth, placed it in his waistcoat pocket, wiped his brow with the table cloth and began—

"Gemmen! I am no great dabster of a speech, d'ye see—I thank ye all for drinking my health—I drink yours—and I'll give you a toast or a sentiment—May no gemmen officer of the Hoxton and Hustlebury united regiment of local militia, ever want a clean shirt or a guinea. Three times three, gemmen!—here's your healths all round the table!"

"I tould you, didn't I?" asked the grenadier captain, with another punch of his elbow in my side; and it would be quite impossible to describe the effect of the major's oratory. It had literally come home to "the business and *bosoms* of men;" and that's the secret—the truest touchstone of eloquence, whenever and wherever it may be.

The bugles now sounded for evening parade. The colonel left the room, followed by his next in command, the adjutant, and the assistant surgeon. But the major swore that "may he be tapped if he'd stir without another bottle"—the captains all with one voice, chorussed this resolution; and he was lifted by acclamation into the vacant chair. The lieutenants insisted on having more punch; the ensigns called for malt liquor in all its possible varieties—pipes and

tobacco were introduced—and I and my delighted companions saw that the full tide of mutiny had reached high water mark. We stirred the cauldron of inflammable matter, swore we never heard of such despotism, as breaking up a dinner party for an evening parade; and Toby Underwood declared it to be contrary to the articles of war. In vain the bugle blew its blasts through the streets: the adjutant was knocked on the head with an empty bread basket, as he came for the tenth time to summon the officers away; and in fact the whole business ended by our remaining at table, drinking, singing, and speechifying, twelve mortal hours, till the clock pealed midnight into the ears of Toby, the cornet, and myself; every other man being either carried off to bed by the waiters, or lying scattered in utter drunkenness in various parts of the mess room.

The next morning a message from the colonel requested our attendance at a little council of war, held between himself, the lieutenant-colonel, and the adjutant. The recent violation of all the rules and regulations of military discipline was the subject in discussion; and strange as it may seem, we were summoned to give our

advice as to the most proper means of punishment for the very offence of which we had been the instigators and abettors.

"What ought I to do with these officers of mine?" asked the colonel.

"Put them under arrest," said the cornet.

"Bring them to a court-martial," cried Toby.

"Smash them all," exclaimed I.

"I'll be d—d if I don't," replied the colonel, slapping his hand on the table; and the adjutant was ordered forthwith to take a wheelbarrow and a pioneer, to go to the respective quarters of the mutineers, gather their swords, and place the disgraced owners in close arrest.

My companions and myself immediately took our departure, to go the rounds of the unsuspecting offenders, and spirit them up to a still more refractory misconduct. As we passed out from the inn door, we saw the barber, who was in the habit of operating upon Toby, coming from the room which was occupied by Major Bungbutt. (I do not really know if this was a true cognomen or a sobriquet.) Toby knew the barber for a wag, and asked him what he had been about?

"Ecod, Master Underwood," replied he, "I ha' been jist a shaving o' th' oul' major—he's all afire—he'd fizz like a hot iron if he was thrown into the river."

"How do you know that?" asked Toby.

"Why, when I took un by th' nose, awhile agone, by gom, I felt my fingers and thumb aw scorching, so I nat'rally popped 'em into th' ott water in jug on th' table; an' ecod, I got both burnt an' sca'ded!"

I scarcely remember what measures were taken, what resignations sent in, what punishments inflicted; but I am sure the united regiment of Hoxton and Hastlebury was as thoroughly demoralized and decomposed in one day of home service, as they could have been by the hardest fought campaign abroad.

CAPTAIN X——.

During my career of service I have met with numbers of brave men, and a few cowards. I have seen courage and fear display themselves in various ways, and many modifications; but I never met with but one instance of a thorough mixture of audacity with poltroonry, of the basest faint-heartedness with presence of mind.

On joining the regiment to which I exchanged, for the sake of serving in Spain, the very first of my brother officers to whom I was presented by the major commanding, was the captain of the company to which I was attached. I never was so prepossessed in favour of any one at first sight. He was a fine handsome young man, of

most elegant address, full of ready wit, and apparently burning with military ardour. He was a prodigious favourite in the regiment. Nothing could exceed his attentions to me, except the pains which he took to instil a portion of his own gallant spirit into mine.

The first time I went into action with this new regiment, Captain X—— was unfortunately taken ill, just before our brigade was ordered to advance. He was obliged to let me lead on his company, and his regret made a deep impression on me. It appeared to me that he suffered more mental anguish than bodily, even though, I think, he specified his being desperately ill in three places.

After we had succeeded in driving the enemy from a strong redoubt, the captain joined us, in great spirits and good health, all his spasms having given way to some violent habitual remedy, which he told me was either "kill or cure" with him. He almost wept at finding that the fighting was all over.

We had several smart skirmishes soon after this affair. Captain X—— was often in the field, but I never happened to see him through the smoke, except on one occasion, when he

shewed great tact in the use of a pocket-glass, with which he constantly looked out from behind a tree or a mound of earth, and gave orders with great coolness to me and the other subalterns, to advance and retreat, as occasion required.

In a storming business, when I was detached with a few men,* a serious accident was *near* happening to Captain X——. As soon as the place was taken, and I returned to the regiment, I received a pressing request to repair immediately to him, as he feared he was at his last gasp—dreadfully wounded. I ran to his quarters, in a house just under the rampart, to which he had crawled; and I picked up the surgeon of the regiment on my way, forcing him to abandon some other patients to give his whole attention to my friend. We found him lying on a mattrass, almost insensible.

"Good God!" said I, "what has happened? where are you hit, my dear X——?"

He could not speak, but placed his hand on his side.

"Let me examine you, Captain X——,"

* Phil Hartigan here modestly alluded to the occasion of his leading the forlorn hope.

said the surgeon. "I have not a minute to lose—we have many others wounded, officers and men."

"Ah, my dear doctor, are you there?" said the sufferer, opening his eyes for the first time. "How kind this is—but never mind me—hurry off to my poor fellow-soldiers—it is of little matter what becomes of me—I am too far gone for help—I am a dying man—yet you need not exactly say "*killed*" in your report; I don't wish to shock my friends *too* suddenly. Merely put me down "dangerously *wounded.*"

"I can put down nothing, Captain X——, till I see your wound," said the surgeon, drily. "Where are you hit, Sir?"

"Why, as to that, my dear doctor, I really can't exactly specify—that is to say, I cannot say directly, that I am absolutely *hit*—but—but—"

"But what, Sir? I am in a hurry—the life of many a *brave* man is risked by this delay—I cannot be trifled with," exclaimed the surgeon, with most unfeeling emphasis.

"My dear fellow," resumed X——, "I am the last man in the world—the very last ——"

"What is your wound, Captain X——, if

you are wounded at all?" peremptorily asked the surgeon.

"Ah, never mind me, never mind me," replied the captain; "leave me to my fate—but spare my friends—break it gently to them—only say "*severely* wounded," and let me die!"

"What *is* your wound, Sir? Of what nature, I ask you again?"

"It must, I think, have been a cannon shot—I feel my side almost battered in—that is to say, a *spent* shot."

"Is there any mark?"

"Why, no—no—not decidedly a *mark*—I cannot say there is a direct contusion: it might have been, in fact, *the wind* of a twelve pound shot, or something of that kind—you may, in short, put me down (to save the feelings of others, very dear to me) you may put me down "*slightly* wounded."

"Why really, Captain X——"

"Not a word, not a word, my worthy friend—off to your duty—go, go along—you *must* put me down "slightly"—whatever you like, in short—something—anything—only pray let my name be in the list of the wounded! Not

another word—good by, good by, my dear, my very dear doctor!"

The doctor smiled, as bitterly as though he had just swallowed a dose of rhubarb. He left the place; and to my infinite surprise, and that of the whole army, I may say, the London Gazette, which some weeks after brought us the official account of the storming, shewed us the unprecedented notification, in the list of casualties, of Captain X—— being "*very* slightly" wounded. He was the only individual of the regiment who was not thoroughly ashamed of this, and who did not feel the actual cautery of the surgeon's printed sarcasm.

I now began to know my man; and was not much surprised, at the night attack on a fortress soon after, to hear myself called loudly from the head of the company, (I occupying my post in the rear, as we advanced in subdivisions to the breach), by Ned Flanagan, of Galway town, Captain X——'s covering serjeant.

"Mr. Hartigan, Mr. Hartigan! For God's sake, your honour, come up, come up quick, and lade the company,—the captain's run away *already*."

Every one knows what a hot affair Fuente

d'Onore was—but no one took it so *coolly* as Captain X——. The village had been taken and retaken several times, till a final charge in which our regiment bore a part, drove the enemy out, and left us in possession of the place. As we forded the river, in close column of companies, Captain X—— quietly slipped behind, and took up a position among the rubbish of an old house, which afforded him a fine view of the business. The colonel by whom we were that day led on, a Scotchman, who was by hereditary right as brave as a lion, turned round suddenly to the adjutant, and asked him,

"Where is Captain X——?"

"Hiding under that wall, Sir," answered the adjutant, pointing to the *reconnoiterer*.

"By G—, that's too bad!" exclaimed the indignant colonel. "Gallop up to him—*at* him—*over* him—and if he does not rejoin the regiment instantly, cut him down on the spot! Now, my brave lads, on them, steadily and coolly—give them the steel, the steel, my boys, and plenty of it!" added the colonel, turning to the regiment, and quite forgetting Captain X——. But the adjutant rode fiercely up to him, and hurriedly repeated the orders he had received.

"Nay, nay, my good friend," said X——, "what's the use of being so confoundedly hasty? Just let me say a few words in explanation. May I die, my dear friend, if—"

"Die and be d—d!" abruptly uttered the adjutant, putting spurs to his horse, and dashing back to his post, where he had scarcely arrived, when a musket shot through both his cheeks tumbled him to the ground, and put an end to his gallant conduct for that day.

As soon as we were thoroughly in for it at Salamanca, when the grape shot began to pepper the head of the column, and the men dropped right and left, an officer of ours was seen to throw himself bodily into a dry ditch; and those who could not distinguish who it was, thought we had another brave fellow knocked over. But those who identified Captain X, —— were quite satisfied that *he* was in safe quarters. As soon as the business of that hard fought day was well and thoroughly done, we had ceased firing, and were charging after the broken enemy, when an officer was dimly observed through the smoke that was clearing off, about fifty yards in front of our line, waving his hat with its long streaming feather, in one hand, and flourishing his

sword in the other, cheering on the regiment, with shouts of most vociferous valour, the Arapilles echoing to his cry. A roar of laughter burst along the line, and became particularly loud when our company joined in it, for we soon recognized our resuscitated captain, and knew better than any others how to appreciate his prowess.

But his best, and, poor fellow, it was his *last* exploit, occurred not long after this, at the siege of a place memorable for the determination of its defence, as well as the vigour with which it was attacked and carried.

The approaches of the English army were pushed on with a frightful proximity to the place; so much so, that the guns from the bastions, were fired point blank at individual officers and men, who had the temerity to raise their heads above the trenches; and they were often hit from cannon of large calibre, with as dead a certainty, as though the most unerring sharpshooters had levelled at them with rifles.

Our entire company was ordered down from the camp, on a working party, one fine morning, out of our turn of duty, and not a

little to our surprise, to replace another which had taken its place in the trenches during the night, but was almost annihilated soon after day break, by the terrible cannonade from the enemy's works. One of our subs was killed the day before, so that Captain X—— had but myself and the ensign, a gigantic Kerryman of about twenty years old, and six feet five inches high, under his command. We were under cover, as soon as we came within range of the enemy's guns; and so hot was the fire, that not one of us felt disposed to despise the captain's example of keeping as close as possible.

There were several small redoubts thrown up along the trenches, from which elevations, the officers on duty could keep a sharp eye on the men at work. I stept or rather crept into one of these, to relieve the last surviving officer of the company we replaced. He was in the act of eating a crust of bread, which his servant had procured him for breakfast; and as he was leaving his post to my occupation, he incautiously raised his head, to look at the hostile ramparts, when it was carried clean away by a twenty-four pound shot, and the body knocked several yards out of the redoubt.

These were not pleasant occurrences for any man's comfort, but least of all so to one of Captain X——'s temperament. I was scarcely settled in the redoubt, when I saw him moving towards me along the trench, stooping much lower than the utmost prudence required; and he soon came crawling into the redoubt, requesting me to change places with him, and take the command of the whole party, as he wished much to sketch the bastions of the fortress: and he took out his sketch book and pencil for the purpose. I could not refuse his request, a most unlucky one for him, for had he stayed where his duty required, he had most probably escaped the catastrophe which ensued.

I had not changed places with my captain five minutes, and had just stepped up on the ridge of the trench where the soldiers worked, to look about, as it was my duty from time to time to do, when the general of the day galloped up, attended by two aids-de-camp, and a couple of orderly dragoons. He was one of the bravest of the brave; too brave, indeed, as was proved by his death not long after, on a distant service unworthy of his fine talents. He, too, was an Irishman, and knew our regiment well.

"Who commands this party, Mr. Hartigan?" asked he.

"I do, Sir," answered I.

"There is a whole company here, isn't there? Who is the captain? Where is he?" were the rapid questions next put.

"There is an entire company—Captain X—— is the captain—he is sitting in that redoubt, Sir," were my immediate answers.

"Sitting in that redoubt! May he be doubly d——d! What is he doing there? Hark ye, Sir," added he, addressing our finger-post of an ensign, "you have long legs; step out then quickly—go to that redoubt, and bring back Captain X—— here instantly. Stoop, Sir—stoop low—lower, I tell you, or you'll not have a head left on your shoulders."

The intrepid Kerryman strode along, but cared nothing for the general's caution, and scorned the shelter of gabions or fascines. When he came to the redoubt, he summoned out the captain, repeating *verbatim* the general's speech.

"What a cursed hot-headed fellow!" exclaimed X——. "Go back to him, my trusty ensign, and tell him I am taking a sketch of the first importance; I am proving the engineers to

have been all wrong. Tell him the service will absolutely suffer if he disturbs me."

The ensign strode back again, and delivered this message to the general, who was moving about busily, giving various orders around him.

"Taking a sketch! The engineers all wrong! What an impudent scamp! D'ye hear me, Sir —go back—tell your captain, once again, that I order him to come here; and if he refuses, drag him neck and heels out of the redoubt, and up to this spot."

"I'll tell you what, my friend," said X——, in reply to this second summons, and hoping that while he temporized, the general would take himself off—or, possibly, that he might be *taken* off—"I'll tell you what—"

"Don't give yourself the trouble to tell me any thing, Captain X——, but come out of this immediately, I tell *you* again," said the ensign. At this instant his cap, which was visible above the wall, was knocked off his head, perforated by a cannon ball.

"God bless me, what a narrow escape! how very lucky that you were not three inches *taller!*" exclaimed the captain.

" Never mind whether I'm tall or little, Captain X——," said the Kerryman, coolly clapping the shattered cap on his head again. " I'll tell you what, the short and the long of it is—by Jasus, if you don't come with me, quietly and by fair manes, I'll drag you out of it, dead or alive—so come along, I advise you."

X—— finding all resistance or subterfuge to be vain, stood slowly up and followed the Kerryman along the trench; muttering that " a man's life was not safe a minute on service with these infernal mad-brained Irishmen; but that with persons of common discretion, one might go through a dozen campaigns, as securely as though one had never smelt powder."

The enemy seeing a general officer so close, sent their missiles towards us in double quantities. One of the orderlies was literally cut across with a shot, and an aid-de-camp's horse severely struck with the splinter of a shell. Captain X—— saw all this as he came forward; and by way of ending the business, and stopping the general's mouth, he held forth the little sketch book, and began some stammering sentence.

" Not a word, not a word, but listen to me,

Sir!" said the general. "Resume your place here—do your duty—or, by Heavens, I'll make you such an example as never—"

Here the general was himself stopped short, by the explosion of another shell, directly over the heads of the group—and the report was instantly followed by a terrified mixture of groan and shriek from poor X——, who clasped both his hands across his breast, and with a dreadful expression of agony in his face, fell flat on his back, almost under the feet of the general's horse.

"Good God, is it possible!" cried the kind-hearted general, his wrath at once appeased. "Who could have thought of his ever dying so fine a death! Well, he's gone, poor devil! He was at any rate a clever, a pleasant fellow, and a gentleman—ay, every inch, but his *heart* —but, damn him, he could not help that! Here, soldiers, throw one of those great coats over the body of your captain, and bear him to the camp. We could, after all, 'have better spared a better man.'"

With this quotation, the general coolly trotted off with his aid-de-camp and orderly, in the midst of a shower of shot and shell. The

ensign and myself were too much shocked by what had passed, to think of any thing for a minute or two, but the fate of our captain, and we stood gazing after the body, as it was borne away, the limbs already stiffening before it was out of sight.

What was the astonishment of the general, who thus pronounced Captain X——'s funeral oration, on riding back to the camp about an hour afterwards, to see the identical Captain X—— unharmed, unblushing, and unabashed, dressed, as was his wont, better than any man in the army; and cantering his little Arabian pony along the lines with a feather streaming from his hat nearly as long as the pony's tail? And what was my surprise when I met him the next morning!

But this could not last. A significant hint was that day conveyed to him from the highest authority. The following morning brought him (he said) letters, requiring his instant return to England. He set out at once. The next Gazette announced his resignation; and as Captain X—— has been ever since an ex-captain, I have nothing more to say of him.

THE

MONKS OF RONCESVALLES.

The battle of Vittoria was a glorious affair. We had been nevertheless roughly handled, and a week's repose would have been worth half the riches of the east. But that could not be. We trod in the footsteps of a flying enemy, and we had but three days halt in six weeks. We broke up from Placentia on the 16th of May, and marched into Roncesvalles the 1st of July.

The Spanish scenery of the Pyrenean range turned us all into lovers of the picturesque; and we looked at the mountains with feelings that we could lie down at their feet, and sleep there for ever. Harassed and jaded, men and cattle

alike, we entered the old town in that state of good spirits and good temper which anticipated comfort is sure to produce.

On the following day we learned with great joy that we were to remain in the place taking our turn of duty on the summits of the hills which surrounded us. The French army had stopped to take breath on the mountains farther on; and the advanced post of their position was visible on an overhanging rock of prodigious size, called Château Pignon.

Soldiers know better than any other class of men how to make themselves comfortable. In a couple of days the whole division felt quite at home. It was my good luck to be quartered in the monastery, the brotherhood of which treated us very well. The whole place belonged to these monks, who were considered a most pious and exemplary set of men. The shrine of our Dame of Roncesvalles is in great vogue for many a league round, and pilgrims flock from all parts to offer up their prayers and watch for miracles. Some of our lads who were deep in literature, used to amuse themselves quoting Ariosto and Bishop Turpin, and we all began to get familiar with the names of Charlemagne

and his Paladins. We used to gaze at the Brêche de Roland, which gaped widely on the summit of the distant mountains, seeming to offer a passage into heaven that shone through it.

The monks shewed us, in the sacristy, Bishop Turpin's slipper, and Roland's mace, and many other curiosities, quite as authentic. That was all very well for the antiquaries; but some of us, I among the rest, found shooting the wild goats, and frightening the eagles, the most romantic pursuits of the place. On the 4th we received ten days pay. We had a capital dinner—the first really good one since Placentia. We enjoyed it amply, and got to our beds as straight as we could.

Being completely rested by the end of a week, we found the place beginning to grow devilish dull. A change was loudly called for, no matter of what kind. Some of the lads wished for more fighting, others for more money; all for some fun. We found it hard to amuse ourselves. Some read, some puffed on the flute or scraped the fiddle, others sketched views of the glorious scenery. I took great delight in climbing the mountains, by the rudest and most

unfrequented ways, and rolling down from the summits huge stones, which broke into a thousand fragments on their descent, and dispersed in a shower of dust, before they reached the bottom of the ravines. Thus we contrived to kill time.

Nothing could be more singular than the aspect of the country seen from those high stations, in all the animation of military possession. The valleys shewed all the bustle of bivouacs, and irregular encampment. The mountains were studded with tents, wherever a tent could be pitched for small parties of outposts and piquets. Above these again, and more advanced from the lines of the respective armies, videttes were to be seen pacing the rocky solitudes, and keeping a sharp look-out. Trumpets and bugles were constantly echoing around, and at times an occasional discharge of musquetry or field-pieces varied the desultory sounds. But it was all the while dead peace; and, odd as it may seem, we all began to long for war again.

Not being able to fight the enemy, nothing was left but to quarrel among ourselves. This was not frequent with brother officers, certainly,

but we had several affairs with our Spanish allies. The little commissary of the brigade I belonged to, was insulted by a Don Lorenzo, or Francisco, or Diabolo, something or other. The commissary was irate to the last degree, and looked as big as one of his bullocks; but he could not get any one to be his second on the spot. Few of us liked to be identified so closely with these purveyors. As I, however, saw that the little fellow was in earnest, I thought it hard that he should be forced to submit to an affront, for want of some one to load his pistols; so I stepped forward, and offered to carry his message. I had not far to carry it, for the Spaniard was standing close by, as proud as a don could be, in the notion that he had bullied an Englishman. But when I talked of an immediate meeting, and pistols, I saw that he was a true bobadil. He swore "by the life of his saint," (and in fear for his own) that he would fight in no other way, than with a sword in one hand and a dagger in the other—the only manner worthy a descendant of "*los antiguos cavalieros.*" Seeing that my hidalgo was not a fellow of real Castilian kidney, I took the liberty of giving him an unceremonious kick — the readers of

Hudibras may imagine where; and with a "*Va usted con Dios!*" I turned on my heel, and never heard more of the don. Not so of the commissary. That very day he sent me a kid, two bottles of real cogniac, and a skin of excellent wine—a delicious windfall to our little mess.

A day or two afterwards, some suspicious circumstances induced me to turn my more particular attention to the *padres;* and I took it into my head that their sanctity was not so unquestionable as it was thought to be. My room was in a recess, formed by a wing branching off from the main body of the building, and a wide corridor separated it from the dormitory of the monks, and this again was partitioned and subdivided into several little pigeon-hole rooms, where a great deal of billing-and-cooing might be quietly carried on. I had observed, on more than one occasion, a nice little girl, called Maráquitta, the reputed niece of the *secretario*, coming from her uncle's room, but with a pace so stealthy, and a look so confused, as no innocent visit need have caused.

This was evidence enough for an idle or prejudiced judge, and I was both. I immediately

passed a sentence of condemnation on the *secretario*, resolved to lie on the watch to entrap his reverence, and forthwith gave secret instructions to my Portuguese lad, Antonio, to keep a careful eye on what was going on in the *secretario's* quarters, and more particularly on what might go *in*.

Antonio was an apt scholar. I had educated him myself. He used to tend my goats in the Peninsula; but having bravely borne a few beatings, in the execution of some secret services, I promoted him to the attendance on my person. His mattrass was placed near my room, in the corridor before mentioned, in a most favourable position for the purposes I intended; and every thing promised a discovery, if there were any thing to be discovered. But the wary *secretario* had nearly frustrated all our projects, by complaining to the quarter-master-general, that my servant, sleeping in the corridor, disturbed the devotion of the holy fraternity. Antonio was, in consequence, sent to the right about, but his acuteness was put doubly on the alert.

On the very next night I had a jovial party, of five or six, in my own room. The last of the

commissary's last bottle of brandy was disappearing fast. We were all ready for a frolic, and full of mischief. Most *apropos* to a state of such excitement, the door slowly opened, about midnight, and Antonio came stealing in on tiptoe; and with a radiant glow on his countenance, he whispered me that he had just seen Maraquitta slipping into the *secretario's* cell, and heard the door bolted on the inside.

"Soho!" cried I, raising my hand; and Antonio, like a staunch and well-trained pointer, made a full stop. "Now for it, lads," continued I, "all's safe and right—we've got the old fox into cover—and now, here goes to make him break in prime style!"

Without another word of preparation, I rose from the old-fashioned, damask-covered, hair-stuffed arm-chair, which I occupied as president for the night. I immediately ripped it open, back, bottom, and sides; while Antonio, with infinite alertness, almost anticipating my orders, emptied the contents of my large powder-flask into a basin, with the remains of the brandy. I tore the horse-hair into shreds, and mixed it well with the damp powder; while one of the party (a violin player) added a lump of rosin,

and another brought from his room, next door to mine, a piece of stone sulphur. In a few minutes all the materials were pulverized, melted, and amalgamated, and we had manufactured a dozen of fire-balls, sufficient to destroy a fleet.

All being ready, I slipped off my shoes, stole across the corridor, and heaped the balls against the door of the *secretario's* cell. I then returned for a moment to my room, when a bumper being quaffed to the success of the burning, we all moved gently out, and I thrust a lighted candle right into the combustible mass.

In a moment the whole corridor was in flames. The gunpowder fizzed, the horse-hair crackled, the brimstone and rosin blazed; and the conflagration was so sudden and so serious as to surprise and alarm us all. We had no notion of our own cleverness at such diabolical combinations.

Antonio instantly roared out lustily in Spanish, "Fire, fire, in the priory!" We all chorused his cry; and the first result was the instant opening of the *secretario's* door, from which Maraquitta rapidly emerged, in that sole and simple garment, called on Tam O'Shanter's

Nannie, a "cutty sark." The red-headed *secretario* followed, in a corresponding costume, and burst with a lurid plunge through the flame and smoke before him. While I seized the terrified fair one in my arms, one of my trusty accomplices gave an ear-splitting view halloo to the flying *secretario;* and sung out in the words (well known to most Irishmen) of the celebrated blind piper, Kerns Fitzpatrick,

"Hoicks! Wind him, and find him, and drive him! Push the red rascal through the blackberries! Hoicks! on him, on him! tear him and eat him!"

The hunted, belaboured, and bewildered *secretario* ran forward and backward, doubled and redoubled, through smoke and flame; and at last attempting to seize the screaming Maraquitta, he received a *facer* from an experienced fist, which laid him sprawling. Lamps, candles, torches, lights of all kinds, now added to the illumination. The *padres* came running and waddling, in every direction, rubbing their eyes, calling out "Fire, Fire!" and bellowing lustily for the patron saint of the convent—but he never came. The monks were hustled, tripped up, and rolled over and over, without mercy or

ceremony; and a Babel-like mixture of French, English, Spanish, Portuguese, and Basque, screams, groans, prayers, curses, and confusion, completed the scene. All the pumps, pipes, and reservoirs, were put in requisition, and the whole population of the place plied their resources so well, that the danger of being burnt was succeeded by the chance of being drowned. Thinking the joke had gone quite far enough, I released Maraquitta from my grasp, and, with my fellow incendiaries, took advantage of the confusion to steal unobserved to my room.

The next morning the monastic horizon looked gloomy enough. Maraquitta was sent off at daybreak to Tudela, her native town. The monks drew up a formal complaint against me, and the prior declared he would forward it to the duke. I lost no time in running to a Spanish regimental chaplain, an honest and liberal divine, and I implored his advice. He immediately prepared a counter statement, detailing such of the events of the previous night, as told for me and against the monks; the truth, a good deal of the truth, and even a little more than the truth. I addressed this remonstrance to the Bishop of Pampeluna, got it signed by all my brother

delinquents, and with it in my hand boldly entered the prior's apartments. On reading it the alarmed superior turned as many colours as a dying dolphin; entreated me to drop the affair, as he did—on finding it too hot to hold; abused the *secretario*, and vowed he would send him to the Indies, that asylum for all the scum of Spanish monkery. To set the seal on our compact, he invited me to dinner; and before I had quitted him ten minutes, he sent me a twenty bottle case of prime old Malaga.

The next news I heard was that the *secretario* was banished from the monastery; and Antonio (who watched him to the last), reported that he had seen him stealing out of the direct road to his retreat, and slily taking to that which led to *Tudela.*

I had a capital repast with the prior; but left him rather early to rejoin my messmates, who were celebrating our treaty of peace in my chamber. As I crossed the corridor, I encountered the *secretario's* most close ally, the *baxonisto*, or bassoon and serpent-playing brother of the monkish band. He gave me a gloomy scowl, shook his iron fist at me, and murmured hollowly that I had not long to live. I told him

of my reconciliation with the prior. This intelligence, with a cordial invitation to make one of our party, produced a powerful revolution in his sentiments. He accompanied me to my room, got as drunk as a piper, and, sending Antonio for his bassoon, he played to our dancing, till the matin bell called him to his post in the choir.

AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS.

Being a good Frenchman, the general selected me a few mornings after the row with the *Secretario*, to proceed with a flag of truce to the enemy's lines, on a mission of rather an interesting nature.

During the retreat from Vittoria, the French army had lost not only the whole of their artillery, but almost all their baggage. Every extraneous article was abandoned; and the hot pursuit of our advanced guard forced several fair fugitives to quit their carriages, and escape on foot. One lady, the wife of an officer of rank, was so terrified at the sight of our hussars, who came suddenly close upon her and her

escort in a narrow defile, that she sprang from her caleche, and with her *femme de chambre* and postilion, plunged into a cork wood that lined the pass, while the half dozen dragoons made the best of their way *en avant.* Every possible entreaty was shouted after the lady and her attendants, in English, Spanish, and French, by the officers of the party, to resume their places and continue their route unmolested. But no answer was returned from the terrified fugitives; and there being no spare time for ceremony or delay, the carriage was instantly rifled; and among the booty was discovered a child, a beautiful little girl, of four or five years old.

This was a very puzzling sort of prize to the captors. The dragoon who first laid hands on little Zoé, which was the child's name, carried her, with as much tenderness as rough arms and a rough nature allowed, and gave her up to the serjeant, who passed her on to the cornet, by whom she was handed to the lieutenant, who made her over to the captain, who delivered her to the major, who presented her to the colonel, who felt it his duty to lay her before the general, with a regular report of the transaction from beginning to end. Thus did little Zoé run

rapidly up, from the lowest to the highest rank to which her promotion could reach; for the brigade being detached from the division it belonged to, the responsibility finally lay at the brigadier's door, and he was not long in taking it across the threshold. He willingly took charge of the little prisoner; and placed her under the especial care of his servant's wife, an excellent woman, and old campaigner, who knew well how to secure whatever comforts could be had for the child, on the small scale proportioned to her infant wants, in the rapidly succeeding movements of the brigade.

During the few weeks which elapsed between the route of the enemy, and our arrival at Roncesvalles, little Zoé had become immoderately attached to her protectress; and picking up many phrases of English, she grew extremely amusing, and was a constant fund of entertainment to the general, his staff, and all the officers who could condescend to be interested i the vivacious prattle of childhood. I confess myself to have been one of those, and that was perhaps a chief reason for my being subsequently selected as a flag of truce, in the service of little Zoé.

As soon as some repose was allowed to the general, he began to make every inquiry that could lead to the discovery of the child's parents. An immediate and animated correspondence took place between him and the French commander in closest contact with our position; and a few days sufficed to ascertain that the child's mother had by good luck succeeded in rejoining her husband's division, and that she was at the moment safely with him at St. Jean-Pied-de-port, where he had a command. They had, on their part, suffered the cruelest anxiety for the uncertain fate of little Zoé. The mother reproached herself incessantly with her abandonment of her infant, and the husband did not spare himself, for the imprudence which induced him to risk the safety of both wife and child in the dangers and horrors of war. Inquiries of all kinds had been set on foot. Letters had been interchanged between the opposing generals, rewards offered, descriptions distributed, and all parties who had been informed of the event at the British headquarters, vied in exertions for recovering the lost treasure. But we, who had it in possession, were all this time the most remote from

the scene of these exertions, unacquainted with the general interest excited by the affair, and as it happened, the nearest to the parties most interested in it. When the delighted mother knew that our little heroine was actually at Roncesvalles, she repaired with all speed to the advanced quarters of the French army; and as soon as our general heard she was expected, I was dispatched to the outpost of Château Pignon, to see if the lady had actually arrived, or to ascertain if the child was to be sent in immediately to the care of the French commander.

I accordingly mounted my pony and set out, accompanied by a trumpeter and a dragoon bearing a white flag; but all this melodious and pacific display did not secure me from a danger which might have cut short my mission, my adventure, and my life. I had not gone five hundred yards beyond our outmost piquet, when a band of most picturesque marauders, armed Basque peasants, started up from among the rocks, and began popping down at me and my men from their well-directed rifles. We shook our flag of truce and flourished our trumpet most peaceably, but they gave us no respite, till we gallopped clear out of the range of their

fire; and two or three bullets came whizzing after us, even close to the side of the advanced vidette of the French army.

I was received at the first post by a corporal and his guard, who apologized for the uncivilized salutation of the peasants, with amazing politeness, but not enough to have extracted a bullet from me or my trumpeter, had we happened to have *caught* one, as the French say. My eyes were immediately bandaged, and I was led cautiously up a rocky and difficult path, leaving strict directions to my mouth-piece, the trumpeter, not to get garrulous or groggy—in short, to neither speak nor drink.

When my eyes were uncovered, I found myself in a large, wainscotted, ill-furnished room in the old château, surrounded by French officers, with a fashionably dressed lady, and her *femme de chambre*, sitting at the table beside which I stood. A few words sufficed to explain the purport of my appearance; and about as many minutes proved enough to obtain me the gratitude and confidence of the enthusiastic Frenchwoman. When, to her rapid inquiries, I answered that her child was safe and well, and ready to be conveyed to her her delight seemed

to have no bounds; and certainly she set none to its expression. She rose from her chair, clasped my hand in both of hers, and did all but fling her arms round my neck. The witnesses of the scene, all of them soldiers of several campaigns, felt the contagion of the mother's tenderness; and shewed all the good feeling that is sure to appear in Frenchmen whenever a child is the subject of interest.

The mother, in her anxiety to learn every particular of the capture and subsequent treatment of little Zoé, overstepped, in a measure, the bounds of strict propriety, by inviting me to accompany her instantly to the shepherd's hut, where she was lodged, and where we might converse amply and uninterruptedly. I, of course, gladly accepted the proposal, offered my arm in return, made my bow to the officers, and walked off with my new friend, followed at some paces distance by her maid Graciosa, who, by-the-by, was rather too much of a coquette for a Basque peasant girl.

My companion was a handsome brunette, not exactly of *la première jeunesse*, but of that degree of *embonpoint*, which wears gracefully in a woman of thirty, or thereabouts. It may be

supposed that I viewed her with an eye of enterprise. The freedom of her manners, the warmth of her disposition, the peculiarity of her situation, seemed to mark her as a fair object for conquest.

Our conversation at first ran on Vittoria, the battle, and the retreat; next upon Zoé, in talking of whom she never tired; and with her phrases of maternal endearment, were mingled the deepest self-reproaches, against the unnatural cowardice which had suffered her to abandon an object so beloved. While she declaimed and I listened, the maid had disappeared, the hut was solitary, and I was just endeavouring to bring about a more personal turn to her discourse, when Graciosa entered, more apropos to my appetite than my intentions. She bore an overflowing supply of cold meat, poultry, cakes, fruit, and wine; and to every article of this sumptuous collation (which had travelled so far for my indulgence) I did ample though summary justice.

The lady talked as fluently as I eat fast; and warming into confidence, she almost made me the depository of a secret. Her husband, she said was, "an excellent creature, a good soldier,

une bonne pâte d'homme, d'un certain âge ; brave comme son épée ; mais bête ! mais bête, à manger du foin."

A little further advance in our intimacy opened her heart still wider, but not *entirely.*

"*Ah, mon Dieu ! est-il donc possible que j'aurais jamais pour ami un Anglais ! un ennemi juré de ma patrie ! Mais non, c'est impossible ! Vous êtes Français—avouez-le—oui, vous êtes Français—mon cœur m'en fait l'assurance.*"

Being prodigiously cosmopolitan on the occasion, I swore that I was of any country she pleased ; and her next communication was very nearly *a confession.*

"*Méchants que vous êtes, vous autres Anglais!* You killed me *un bien tendre ami* at Albuera, my husband's aid-de-camp, *mon cher Adolphe !* When a woman is not quite happy in marriage, not perfectly matched, she requires a friend in whose bosom she may *épancher ses peines.* My sweet Zoé is his very portrait—*jugez donc s'il était beau !*"

All this made me the more assiduous and condoling. I offered to wipe off her tears, which flowed freely, and I told her I should be delighted if she would *épancher* her *peines* with

me. She became somewhat tranquillized; again changed the subject to little Zoé; and suddenly putting on her huge black bonnet, which was half smothered in white plumes, she took my arm, and we quitted the cottage for my return to the outpost, followed by Graciosa, and escorted by a corporal and a file of men. On our arrival at the piquet, I found my trumpeter dead drunk; and while the French soldiers strove to rouse him and fasten him on his horse, Coralie (for such was her name), walked forwards with me, close to our outlying post, where we parted, and I pursued my way to Roncesvalles, lighted by a brilliant moon.

The next morning early I mounted my pony again; and, attended by a serjeant of dragoons, I proceeded to restore little Zoé to her mother. The woman who for so many weeks had had charge of the child, was almost inconsolable at thus losing her. She had quite endeared herself to this kind-hearted woman; and when the latter lifted her up on the saddle before me, she wept and sobbed aloud. Zoé seeing her to be unhappy, cried bitterly, and the parting was really affecting. But the meeting between mother and child was still more so. I cantered

rapidly on from our own outpost to that of the enemy; but I should scarcely make use of that word on the present occasion, and I was met at the most extreme point of the French lines by Coralie and her maid. She had been watching there since day-break; and when she saw me approach, she flew towards me, and I had scarcely time to alight from my horse, when she was by my side, and embracing the child with impassioned rapture.

The mutual recognition was a spectacle worth looking on. The unbounded delight of the mother and the infantine joy of Zoé, are not to be described. They seemed to forget every thing but each other; while I, and the serjeant, and the French vidette stood, all alike, gazing on and enjoying the scene. But Coralie, Graciosa, and myself, soon repaired to the cottage, where a capital Pyrenean breakfast was spread out. I ate heartily; while Coralie feasted on the growing beauty of her daughter, and seemed disposed to devour her with caresses.

I confess that, in my observation of this maternal enjoyment, which so raised the mother in my esteem, I felt some annoyance at the check which it gave to my own individual

views. But I let nothing of this escape me, and strove to enter into the scene with feelings as little adulterated as possible. I abstained from uttering a word or venturing a look that might clash with Coralie's actual sentiments; and hour after hour passed innocently away. At length I began to abandon all hope of making a further progress in the affair; and was thinking of at once making my bow, and taking final leave, with a good grace, of this now truly interesting woman, when, to my infinite surprise and pleasure, she said to me, in a whisper, that Graciosa could not overhear,

"I am all this while forgetting—no, not forgetting, but neglecting you; and I feel my ingratitude in doing so, even for a moment. I am wild with joy, in having my dear child once more with me; but my heart is not dead to other feelings. I may confess that you have inspired me with great interest, with warm regard. I can say no more at present; but if you will meet me here to-night, after my maid and the peasant family have retired to bed, I shall hope to prove my gratitude—my friendship—I can say no more!"

Seeing that I was about to reply, in a strain of great animation, she added,

"Not a word, not a word! I must not be suspected of more than a common gratitude towards you, even by my maid. Let us now part; take your leave in as careless and commonplace a way as you can."

I obeyed her instructions, bade her adieu, embraced the child, wished all happiness to both, and saluted the three or four officers who had come down from the château, with as much *nonchalance* as if I had not a thought of seeing any of the party again.

During my way back to Roncesvalles, and for the remainder of the day, I thought of nothing but my adventure, which promised so happy a termination. I was in that pleasant state of satisfaction with myself and all around me, so natural to a man after such success. My vanity was gratified by the facility of the conquest, and my love of adventure excited by its novelty. The danger to be encountered did not enter into my thoughts; they all turned

on Coralie: so handsome, so interesting, so enthusiastic, and so fond of me.

I ate but little dinner, drank but little wine, and refused two or three invitations to spend the evening. As soon as day closed in I retired to my quarters, and putting on a dark grey frock, and broad leafed Spanish hat, which had served me before on some masquerading frolics, I put my loaded pistols in my pockets, took a stout stick in my hand, and set off on my adventure.

My ready boy, Antonio, contrived to unlock, unperceived, a small door in the monastery garden, by which I went out into the open fields; and making a circuit round the town, I succeeded in gaining the mountain immediately above. The moon was high and bright in the heavens, but the night was cloudy, and I thus had the alternate advantage of light and shade, lying close when the moon was uncovered, and making great way while she was overcast. By these means, and knowing all the passes, from my rambling excursions in the hills, I contrived to pass unperceived by either our own or the

French piquets, and arrived without hindrance at the door of Coralie's little dwelling.

I walked cautiously and closely round and round to be convinced that all was quiet; I then peeped in at the window of Coralie's little room, which was, I knew, separated by a slight partition from the closet occupied by Graciosa. I saw Coralie sitting by the bed-side, looking tenderly on Zoé, who slept in her mother's bed. I thought the child more beautiful than ever, but also that she was not in her proper place. The mother appeared in my eyes still more lovely. I grew impatient and tapped gently at the casement. I expected that it would have been instantly opened; but instead of that I perceived Coralie put on her bonnet and large shawl, and in a moment she came out by the door, instead of letting me in at the window. I flew towards her and attempted to embrace her, for I was amazingly loving on the occasion.

"Hush!" whispered she, "follow me."

I did so in a pleasant kind of tremor, that arose from any thing but fear. She entered a copse of young cork trees close to the hut; and as soon as she was out of hearing of those within, she spoke to me pretty nearly as follows,

gently but firmly repressing the advances which I made towards a closer alliance.

"I see you mistake me and my motives—but I am neither surprised nor angry. How otherwise could you think of me and them, than as you do? I am not, however, so light, so profligate, I may say. I esteem and regard you as the restorer of my child, the object most dear to me on earth; but that is all, my friend, for I wish to feel towards you as such. I confess myself to be a mere woman, not an angel, as you, deceivers as you are, would persuade us; but I am not to be just asked for and won. Love is the growth of *impulse*, or of *time*. If it does not spring up in a day, a month is not enough to produce it. Now I did not fall in love with you yesterday; therefore there is no chance of it, as to-night we part, in all likelihood, for ever. I set off at day-break for St. Jean Pied de Port. We may never see each other again. But to lessen the chances against what I should deeply regret—for I shall be happy, most happy to meet you again, and know you intimately and long—I have begged you to meet me here. Could you believe that for any thing less than some very solemn

reason, I would have made you run the risk of passing the lines of two armies, and of being caught as a spy in ours? Hear what I have to say, and know me better than you do now.

"When I saw you this morning I was but partially informed of what I am now sure of. God knows if I am not a traitor to my country in telling you what I know; but the law of nature is stronger than that of nations. The protectors of my child shall not perish if I can save them!

"Clausel's artillery has arrived at the army; reinforcement on reinforcement is pouring in; all is preparing for a decisive, a terrible blow. Soult has sworn to exterminate you all; and in five days *vous serez écrasés!* To-day is the 20th of July; the 25th will be St. James's day, the day of doom to the English army! I have thus fulfilled my duty—*one* at least; and in performing that, I have perhaps sacrificed another. But it is not my fault; gratitude has been stronger than patriotism—*vous m'avez dénationalisée.*"

A few words of farewell, warm, cordial, and not to be mistaken *for more*, closed our interview. What I said is unimportant. In fact, I

could not utter much, for I was lost in astonishment at the new aspect in which this versatile woman appeared. Her tone and conduct during our first interview had led me to form that false estimate of her character, which too often results from the levity of manners that distinguishes her countrywomen. Her look and bearing on the present occasion, corresponded with the importance and solemnity of her warning. She seemed raised above all frivolous or merely personal feelings. I never had a more exalted sense of the capability of the female mind—of the depth of the female heart.

I retraced my way towards Roncesvalles; and trod with a much less lively step than that with which I had come over the same ground an hour before. The heavy sense of danger seemed to weigh on me. Had it been for myself alone I might not have felt it so much; but when I thought that a whole army might be compromised, that thousands of my fellow soldiers were in peril, and that their safety might depend on me, my sensations were in the highest degree awful.

I forgot for a while my own actual situation, until I was aroused from my reverie, by the

report of a musquet, *followed* by a rather tardy *Qui vive?* and the well known sound of a bullet whistling, as it went past me, "for want of thought."

I turned round, and saw the French vidette reloading his piece. But I was resolved not to be his target a second time, so I took to my heels, with cautious speed, and regained the monastery unharmed and undiscovered.

SHARP FIGHTING—SPOILED FEASTING—BLUNDERING AND BURYING—PRIESTS AND PILGRIMS.

The information gained during my "affair of outposts," was too serious to be kept to myself a moment beyond that in which I could communicate it to the highest authority in the place. Next morning I accordingly reported my having obtained such information, without betraying the source from which it came. Both I and my intelligence were made light of. I was not exactly called an ass, but I am not quite sure that I was not thought so. I nevertheless remained deeply impressed with the conviction that the English army would be attacked on St. James's day.

The very morning after I had made my

report, a singular coincidence of information occurred. General Murillo, who commanded a brigade of Spaniards, received a warning, perhaps not quite so direct as mine, but strongly corroborative of it. His soldiers, having no regular commissariat, were in the habit of marauding, even into the French side of the mountains, and sweeping the valleys beyond for a supply of corn and cattle. A party of these foragers had, a short time previous, seized and driven to their own cantonments, a considerable flock of sheep. The owner, a French Basque, came in and addressed a petition to the Spanish general, promising that if his sheep were restored to him, he would send regular information of every movement of the enemy. He obtained his flock undiminished, and he was faithful to his engagement. On the 22d of July, two days after my adventure, he sent in one of his shepherds, with a significant recommendation to the general, to beware of St. James's day. This notice was communicated at head quarters, and, like my own, disregarded.

In the mean time, grand preparations were made by the Spanish brigade for the celebration of this important holiday in the Catholic

kalendar. A dinner for fifty officers was ordered at the inn. I, among many other British, was invited; and I was appointed to act as one of the stewards on the occasion by General Murillo, although he, as well as myself, had a strong presentiment that the feast would terminate in a fight. On the 24th, I made another effort, through my commanding officer, to recommend a more than ordinary precaution—but in vain. At least the only results were an order to our brigade to take its position at the chapel above the town, and to fire three alarm guns, if any movement was observed along the enemy's lines. Murillo requested permission to advance into the pass between the town and the French army, and he was sent forward accordingly.

The next day, the 25th, St. James's day, Coralie's prophecy and the warning of the shepherd were terribly fulfilled. A fierce and irresistible attack was made upon Murillo and his insufficient force. He would have been annihilated in the pass had not our brigade rushed forward to his aid. A scene of desperate but unequal conflict took place. We were, after some hard fighting, turned right and left, and

forced to retreat. We were only saved from being surrounded and utterly destroyed, by a heavy fog setting in; but the battle was still at intervals maintained, through all the vagueness and solemnity of the mist. We left behind us on the field half a regiment and six guns.

I was sent forward, (or *backward*, if you like better), to Roncesvalles, with a verbal despatch. As I gallopped up towards a part of the —th regiment, which was reluctantly retrograding, but in fine order, poor O'B—— had his thigh carried away by a cannon shot. I stopped, dismounted, and put him across my horse; sprang up again behind him, and moved on towards the town.

O'B—— was a thorough, rough-spun Irishman, whose blunders were notorious to the whole army. The last and greatest he ever made was while he lay bleeding to death across my horse.

"Cheer up, my boy," said I, "your life may be saved yet."

"Oh, the devil a fear of that," replied he; "the leg may go, but the life is safe; for I insured it, sure enough, the last time I was in

England, and paid doubly dangerous for it, my boy."

I had known poor O'B—— several years. I once went out shooting with him in Essex, when we were quartered together in Colchester barracks. He had just arrived from Ireland, where farming was then carried on, on a narrow scale. Even a large field of turnips was a rare sight in the arable district where he came from; but an extensive crop of red cabbage had never met his eye until the day in question, and he could not associate such a vegetable with any thing but a pickle jar. He was crossing from a grass field into one the produce of which I could not exactly discover, when he stopped suddenly, and with a leg on either side the stile, and turning to me, with the greatest wonderment depicted on his visage, he called out,

"Oh, blood and turf, Phil, did you ever see such a field of pickled cabbage!"

One day, defiling near Braganza, we passed an old and extensive mansion. "Aha!" said O'B——, "I suppose that's the house of Braganza the Portuguese make so much bother about."

On crossing the Tormes, he rode a tall horse, and put his baggage upon a pony. The consequence was, he got over dry but his kit was dripping wet. Recollecting this when we were talking of crossing the Pyrenees, he exclaimed, (thinking we meant another river),

"Then, by the powers, I'll put my baggage on the big horse this time, and ride the pony myself!"

Poor O'B —— had breathed his last before I reached Roncesvalles. The roar of cannon, the rattling of musketry, the enemy's trumpets sounding the advance, and our own bugles sounding the retreat, made altogether a din, through which I could barely hear his dying request that I would bury him in consecrated ground, as he was a Catholic. I fulfilled this injunction faithfully but hurriedly. I applied to my friend the prior, to have a grave dug in all haste in the cemetery. Two of the brethren completed a hole deep enough for my purpose, in a few hurried minutes; and the body was committed to the earth, dressed as it was, no time being allowed even to take off the gold watch and chain, and the other trinkets which the poor fellow had on his person.

This sad business over, I bade a hearty good-by to the prior, and went out into the street. The troops were in full retreat through the town, and the approaching cannonade told me I had no time to lose. I stepped for an instant into the inn, to fill my flask with brandy, and I saw, with an envious eye, the whole display of roast and boiled, and stewed and baked provisions, almost ready for the feast.

"My worthy hostess," said I, to the landlady, "I am really sorry for your loss—not a morsel of all these good things will be eaten—we are retreating as fast as possible—'tis a race for life or death."

"It's all one to me, Señor," answered she; "Frenchmen have as good appetites as English—they will eat it, never fear—roast beef and all."

"Damn me if they do, you cold-blooded, ungrateful old fagot!" exclaimed I, in a passion; and beckoning to my little friend the commissary, who was over head and ears employed with horses, baggage-waggons, and bullocks, I obtained of him one of the carts, with full permission to use it as I pleased. I accordingly fell to work, assisted by some

straggling soldiers, and maugre the lamentations, reproaches, and imprecations of the landlady, I heaved into the cart, ready roasted ribs of beef, legs of mutton, and turkeys, with fowls, hams, pasties—every thing solid, in short, leaving the soups, the fricasees, whipped cream, and *vol-au-vent*, for the hungry *Gavachos.**

We retreated, fighting step by step. The 26th we were hard pushed at Zubiri; the 27th attacked at Urgate; the 28th at Villa-Alba; in all which affairs the French were repulsed on all points, in the latter with heavy loss. The 29th was a day of truce, to collect the wounded and bury the dead. In the intervals of this dreary duty, our people and the French regaled themselves together, with a repast of raw beans, gathered with great cordiality in the same field. Every thing being prepared, several brigades of guns mounted on the most difficult heights, and a noble attitude assumed, the morning of the 30th was ushered in by a general attack on the enemy's position. They were routed in every direction, and driven, in broken bodies, over the same ground across which we had retreated

* Nick-name for the French in Spain.

a few days before. We pressed them hard on the 31st through the beautiful vale of Bastan,* and took a large convoy of brandy at Elizonde. The 1st of August we halted at Maya; *bivouacked* on the 5th at Los Aldoides, amidst torrents of rain, with no tents, but plenty of melted snow; and on the 6th we re-entered Roncesvalles once more, where I was re-instated in my old quarters in the monastery, which a wounded French chef d'escadron had occupied *ad interim.*

Almost the very first face I recognized was that of the re-instated *secretario*, and the next was that of the *baxonisto.* I learned from the latter that few of the monks had quitted the place in consequence of the French possession; and moreover that the enemy had conducted themselves remarkably well.

Being anxious to afford to the remains of my poor friend O'B—— a burial of more solemnity than the last, and also recollecting that his friends might be glad of the trinkets he had on him, as memorials of the wearer, I applied to the prior to have the body exhumed. The

* This valley is a perfect contrast to the desolate one of the same name on the French side of the mountains.

prior crossed himself, and answered by a plump refusal, it being, he said, contrary to the ordinances of the church to violate consecrated ground by such a proceeding. I however found a brother monk or two less scrupulous, and I had the grave opened, when I was somewhat shocked to find the mutilated remains of poor O'B—— *stark naked.*

Boiling with indignation, I hastily repaired to the prior, and detailed the fact. He shrugged up his shoulders, and exclaimed, "*Los Franceses, los Franceses!*" laying the blame on the backs of the French, they being conveniently turned. But a neighbouring carpenter assured my boy Antonio, that he had seen the *secretario* and two or three of the brotherhood, rifling the grave and stripping the corpse, the very day I had laid it there. I felt the impossibility of obtaining redress, so I determined to watch an opportunity for revenge.

The next day I was on duty with my company on the hill. While I lounged about, musing on past events and present probabilities, I heard a sudden burst of psalm-singing of most rough discordance. Looking from a pointed rock, under which I had been walking, I per-

ceived a posse of pilgrims of both sexes, trooping across the hills from the French side, a most vagabond collection as ever prostrated themselves before a shrine. The field officer on duty came up to me, and ordered me to drive back these fellows without the least ceremony. I accordingly approached them, and addressed myself to their leader, an able-bodied ruffian, with a long beard, broad leafed hat, and coarse cloak, almost covered with cockle shells,

"Where are you going?" asked I.

"To Roncesvalles' shrine," replied he.

"What for?" said I.

"To pray our souls out of purgatory," answered he.

"You may go farther and fare worse," retorted I, "but not this way. You shall not pass here depend on it; so to the right about face—quick march!" and back they went, crossing themselves, (and cursing me, no doubt,) and howling most piteously, in full chorus. I never had a more thorough contempt for the humbug and hypocrisy of mock devotion.

Three mornings after this I was awoke about day-break, by a confused murmur of psalm-singing in the court-yard of the monastery. I

jumped out of bed, ran to the window, and to my great surprise, saw the whole division of pilgrims, filing in through the porch, and marching towards the chapel. I learned from Antonio that, after the repulse they met with from me, they had made a wide circuit through the mountains, and entered Spain again by the pass of Orbaicety, where the guard of Spaniards allowed them free ingress, on a principle of religious toleration I suppose.

I perceived that, after about an hour of praying and singing in the chapel, the whole body were stowed away in a large room near the organ-loft; and there it was that I was resolved to play them a trick—I had not quite decided of what kind.

By the time they had, after their day's devotion, supped, and settled themselves (as they thought) to their night's repose, I approached their position, and carefully reconnoitered it. I found the door of their apartment to be old and ruinous, hanging loosely on its hinges, the pannels broken, and presenting a couple of wide and most convenient chinks, through which I intended to carry on my offensive operations. I had fixed my eye, during the day, on two

hand-pumps, used by the monks for watering their peach trees, which abounded in the monastery garden. These were soon procured, and brought to me by my trusty Antonio; and I as quickly placed them each in a bucket of putrid water, which he carefully selected from the greenest of the two stagnant ponds that adorned the garden.

I then collected about half a dozen of my companions (a couple of whom had been of the merry-making which we gave to the *secretario*); and all being ready for the assault, the pumps were placed at the breaches. I peeped in, and saw the pilgrims lying higgledy-piggledy together, old and young, men and women, lighted by a single lamp, which burned dimly before an image of the virgin, in a niche not far from the door.

I saw my worthy acquaintance, the leader with the bushy beard, stretched full length, and I thought that the sound of his particular snore was not like the mellow utterance of natural sleep. In a minute or two this suspicion was fully borne out, for the fellow, feeling assured that he was unobserved, rose gently up, and stole across several prostrate carcasses, which

separated him from a young pilgrim, not of the doubtful gender, who lay in an expectant attitude, in the very niche where the statue stood and the lamp burned. The leader sat himself down beside her—but my ardour for action would not brook further delay. So I took steady aim, and let fly a pumpful from one of my buckets, directly in the fellow's beard. Antonio immediately re-loaded; and I, without an instant's pause, sent another discharge smack against the lamp, which sputtered and expired —in any odour but that of sanctity.

"The rain is coming in!"

"Shut the windows!"

"Re-light the lamp!"

"Rouse up the brethren!" cried some.

"The rain!" roared another; "St. Jago protect me, my eye is nearly knocked out."

Two more well-sent discharges completed the general confusion, and soaked the victims through and through. The whole body rose *en masse*, and with loud vociferations they rushed towards the door, pushing against each other, and tumbling about in every direction.

We now heard the whole fraternity of the monastery rushing up stairs in loud alarm. We

therefore decamped, Antonio leading the way, with the empty buckets and one of the pumps: I covering the retreat, with the other, ready loaded, in both hands. Just as we gained the private door, at the head of a flight of little steps which led down to my room, I saw the red head of the odious *secretario*, blazing obnoxiously in the glare of a torch which he carried above it, as he mounted the grand staircase, cheering on his brethren to the rescue.

Never did I feel my resolution more determined, or my hand steadier. Every nerve was wound up for justice. What chance, then, had my victim of mercy or escape? I planted one end of my pump on the floor, pointed the other where I wished its contents to go—and in an instant the *secretario* was struck, almost dumb and blind, with a volley of water, mud, and duck's-meat; and the very memory of his former scorching quenched in the dirty deluge.

PARIS SIGHTS.

THE CARNIVAL.

We have been told from high authority that there is a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. It is, however, a mistake—there is no such thing. Sublime and ridiculous are one and the same—co-existent qualities, of different complexions, perhaps, as looked at in different lights, but blending and blooming together, like the green and pink shades in a shot poplin. I was quite convinced of this, a day or two ago, by witnessing the carnival, to see which I came on purpose to Paris. My long wanderings in the provinces had left my wardrobe not quite suited to the display I expected to witness on this occasion; so my first business, after I had shaken

off the dust of the Diligence, was to look out for a tailor, knowing the importance of appearances, as well as old Quarles himself, who tells us in his "Enchiridion," that "the body is the shell of the soul; apparell is the huske of that shell; the huske often tells you what the kernel is." Acting on this principle I was resolved to decorate myself in French costume. Decked out, then, at a day's notice, in a Polish frock, black velvet vest, with a white, a pink, and a blue one, respectively of silk, inside, Hussar pantaloons, boots *à la Vellington*, and brazen spurs—French every bit of me, brass from head to foot, as a body might say—I sallied forth to present my recommendatory credentials to the friend of a friend of mine, M. Le Vicomte de Vaurien, who had been represented to me as one of a family wonderfully well known in France, a man of fashion, literature, science, taste, and talent; a sort of second Crichton, in short, who had spent many years in England during the emigration, and was attached *à la folie* to all that was British, and to the ancient *régime* at home.

"A pleasant sort of person this," thought I, as I approached his residence, "to lead a young fellow like me through the labyrinth of learning

and pleasure; for I intended to be at all in the ring, as we say familiarly at the club. Arrived at the street to which my friend the proprietor's hand-writing on the back of the letter pointed like a finger-post, I was not very favourably struck by its appearance. It was in the heart of the town, narrow, dark and dirty; but, knowing the ways of Paris, I did not much mind all that. "No. 18, *le voilà!*" said I, entering the *port-cochère* of a gloomy but good-looking house. Then pulling up my shirt-collar and adjusting my hair, I marched up to the landing-place of the *premier étage*, cast an inquisitive glance at the coat of arms on the pannels of a huge old family coach standing in the *remise*, and was in the act of seizing the bell-cord, when a withered old hag shot forth her visage from a dismal little den in the *entresol* below, screaming—

"*Diable donc! où allez-vous?*"

"*Qui, moi?*" I replied, rather indignantly; "*Je vais chez M. le Vicomte, Madame!*"

"*Monsieur le Vicomte! Qui est cela?*"

An odd question that, thought I. I cannot surely be wrong. "*Le Vicomte de Vaurien, Madame!*"

"*Vicomte! Bah! et c'est là que vous le cherchez! montez au sixième.*"

"*Au sixième!*" sighed I, looking up the dismal staircase, so high, that it seemed, like Jacob's ladder, to lead to a glimpse of Heaven, which twinkled through a sky-light at top. I drew a long breath of preparation for the ascent, and heard the old wench mutter below:

"*Diable l'emporte! c'est toujours comme cela vous passez partout à gauche et à droite, sans rien demanderà la portière, vous autres Anglais.*"

"*Vous autres Anglais!*" echoed I. "Rat it, that's too bad, though—she has found me out, in spite of my frock, waistcoats and pantaloons. But never mind! *Au sixième! Courage!*"

Landed at length at the summit, breathless and panting, my head dizzied by a glance over the banisters into the interminable chasm below me, I leaned for a moment against the wall, and pulled a greasy bit of faded pink ribbon that hung dangling beside a filthy little door.

"*Qui est là?*" demanded a feeble voice.

"*Moi,*" replied I.

"Aha! an Englishman; wait, wait for one leeteel bit, Saer," answered the voice, in a tone of gaiety.

I waited as desired, confounded beyond measure to find that the very pronunciation of one

syllable had betrayed me a second time. While I pondered on this the door opened, and a black silk night-cap popped itself out. A sallow wizened face was under it, and the head it covered was borne upon a narrow pair of shoulders, clothed in a short brown woollen jacket, appended to pantaloons of the same, forming stockings as well, and ending at the feet in a shabby pair of morocco leather slippers.

"Walk in, Saer; walk in, Saer," said the wearer of this strange costume, and still stranger phiz.

He would have measured about five feet and an inch or so, and looked a good half-century old. His upper lip was horribly embrowned with snuff, and he seemed to have but two or three straggling teeth in his head.

"Is your master at home?" asked I.

"My Got, Saer! vat you take me for? I am my master."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," cried I; "I wish to see the Vicomte de Vaurien."

"Why dat is me, my dear Saer. Walk in, Saer."

As he did not seem to wince at my mistake, my "withers were unwrung;" but any one may

imagine my mortification while I contemplated the figure and abode of my anticipated Cicerone. I shall not touch my readers' sensibility on my account, by detailing the appearance of Vaurien's garret. A truckle-bed, two tottering chairs, a broken deal-table, a tarnished mahogany basin-stand, with gilded porcelain basin and water-jug cracked and chipped, and standing for show, like Goldsmith's celebrated row of broken tea-cups. These and such like commodities, are not matters to enter into a description meant for the brightest eyes of England. I therefore draw the blanket (there being neither veil nor curtain at hand) over the mysteries of the Vicomte's abode.

A few minutes made us quite known to each other. He read my letter with attention, shook my hand with warmth, professed himself my most faithful friend and devoted servant, and finished many pleasant sayings by begging me, with an air of great *nonchalance*, to sit down while he took his breakfast. That was soon despatched, for it consisted only of a little cup of coffee without cream, which had stood simmering in a pipkin by the fire, and a small roll, of about the length and consistency of a dried

herring, which lay on a shelf with the viscount's dressing-apparatus. His repast required none of the usual appurtenances of a breakfast-table, and being quietly finished, he begged me to excuse his then making his toilette. Delighted at an opportunity of being initiated into the manœuvres of a *petit maître de Paris*, I willingly accorded his pardon. He began by throwing off his black cap, and displayed a head completely covered with *papillotes*, which he, without shame or ceremony, pulled coolly from their respective curls, and folded up in readiness for the service of the night. At first sight of him I thought he had been bald, for not a straggling hair wandered on his temples. Now he had a profusion of dark brown ringlets; and had I not seen the progress of de-*cap*-itation I would have sworn he had put on a wig, so that he was just as far from natural appearance one way as the other.

"Pardon, for two little moments," cried he, squeezing my hand in both of his, as he popped into a closet close by the head of his bed.

In two minutes he was back, but no more like what he was before he entered, than I like Hercules. His transformation was

magical—it was "Hyperion to a satyr." A rosy flush spread over his face, and seemed faintly fading on the tips of his nose and chin, like setting sunbeams on the peaks of a mountain. A pair of false whiskers of the same pattern as his side-locks, curled upon his cheeks; and his mouth displayed a regular row of well-set teeth; while his head, in its whole *ensemble*, might be really supposed to have just glided gently off the shoulders of a goodlooking fellow of thirty or-thereabouts.

I started back. He laughed. "Ha, ha! *vous ne me connaissez pas*," said he, slapping me on the shoulder; "my dear Saer, you must not vonder at all dis. Ve Frenchmen are enough philosophers to care ver little for appearances in de house, and to know dat 'tis ever ting in de street."

I was so amazed at the metamorphosis, and so pleased with the aphorism, which put me so much in mind of myself and old Quarles, that I did not closely observe the process of his dressing, which I should otherwise have faithfully reported. I followed him with my eyes as he went on, but saw him indistinctly, and heard him chatter without minding what he said.

When I recovered from my reverie, I observed him full-dressed all but his coat, wiping the cracked gilt basin with a towel, and placing it carefully in its proper stand.

"*Allons!*" cried he, as he finally settled his collar before the looking-glass, and stood revealed in all the perfumed bloom of a dashing dandy. "Now, Saer, shall we go out see de masks on de Boulevards?"

"Masks!" exclaimed I; "why, it isn't carnival time, is it?"

"To be sure 'tis," replied he; "dis is *Mardi gras*, de gayest of de gay days. Noting but pleasure, and fun, and hosh-posh."

I may be allowed to mention here, that the vicomte is very proud of his English, and loses no occasion for displaying his familiarity with the niceties of the language, among which "hosh-posh" is a particular favourite.

I was electrified at hearing that the carnival was really going on, for the whole appearance of Paris was so *sombre*, so muddy, and misty, that I could not imagine any approximation to gaiety in the place or the people.

"*Ah, vous verrez, vous verrez bientôt,*" said the vicomte, as we descended the stone staircase,

picking our steps in its perpetual twilight, and directing our course by the iron banisters.

Once fairly on the Boulevard, my friend seemed quite in his element; and though I looked down on him from an elevation of half a dozen inches, and thought my dress exhibited a tolerable specimen of style, I confess there was something in his swaggering air, fine complexion, floating curls, and the red ribbon at his button-hole, that seemed to throw me into the shade. He talked English loudly all the time, proud of displaying his accomplishment to the ears of his countrymen; and his observations were amusing enough. The day was gloomy, cold, and comfortless—yet the world was out. During the hour and half which I had spent in the vicomte's garret, all Paris seemed to have been suddenly infected with the wish for a walk, ride, or drive. The pathway was thronged with pedestrians; many a mounted exquisite was cantering on the centre of the pavement, between the rows of carriages going in opposite directions, in horizontal analogy to the movements of two buckets in a well. These carriages, of all sorts and descriptions, open and close, cut a poor figure to a man accustomed to the equipages of *the Park*. There was scarcely

one from Long Acre to be seen. They were almost all French, gaudy, shabby, and flimsy. It appeared that though all Paris was there, yet the confounded weather kept all the decent horses at home, for such a sorry collection of jaded hacks was never before exhibited in a christian country. The masks were few and vile. Now and then a barouche hove in sight, crammed with clumsy harlequins, miserable mountebanks without a joke, or two or three stupid caricatures of old women, in "feathery furs and studded stomachers, tippets, cardinals, hoods, and ruffles." A pretended peasant, here and there, rode silently along; but there was nothing like frolic, or humour, or happiness. The vicomte pointed out to me some well-known characters in the carriages which passed; among others, in his sky-blue chariot, his brother vicomte, the romance writer, who has described in the heroine of his last work, a better masquerade figure than the whole carnival could produce. "Chargée de plumes, de fourrures, de fleurs, de pierreries, et de gaze, enveloppée d'un mantel à triple collet, et sa robe bordée d'images." I, in my turn, told my companion the names of a few of my countrymen; but I

saw none who combined notoriety with the ludicrous, except the celebrated Squire Hold'em-tight, who, mounted on the dicky of a calèche, covered with a huge box-coat, whipped along a pair of pitiful hacks, and (puffing his red and bloated cheeks against the wind) gave occasion to a group near me to halloo out, "*Voilà! Voilà le bœuf gras!*"—and I certainly never saw a finer specimen of John Bullism.

While the file of carriages was thus dragging, like a wounded snake, or an alexandrine, "its slow length along," and every face seemed the index of a melancholy or a dissatisfied mind, the sound of martial music struck upon my ear, and presently several regiments of infantry in full order of march, moved along the Boulevards from the direction of the Tuileries, where they had been just passed in review, preparatory to their departure for the invasion of Spain. A train of artillery followed—the heavy rolling of the guns over the pavement mixing with the clash of the military bands, bringing to the mind a rush of awful combinations touching the tremendous probabilities in which these troops were going to be actors. There they were, mingled with the fantastic fooleries of the crowd—

the motley crew of masks and mockeries, heavy hearts and dreary apprehensions. I gazed at the scene with a sarcastic smile and an involuntary shudder; and exclaimed, as we turned down the Rue de la Paix (Napoleon's triumphal pillar staring me in the face), "No, no, there is no step between the sublime and the ridiculous!"

LONGCHAMPS.

Pleasure is certainly the polar star of a Frenchman. He is the needle which points to it most faithfully—but one that has no variations. North, south, east or west, (for though his magnet shifts, it always preserves its attraction,) is quite the same to him. Other men make pleasure a recreation or an enjoyment. It is a Frenchman's business and happiness. His national exaggeration cannot, in this instance, go too far, nor far enough. Words have no power to express the sensation excited in the breast of a Parisian, by the announcement of a fête, a procession, the spectacle, the Carnival, or *Longchamps*. He looks at the almanack, watches the

weather, counts the days, and pants through the moments in indescribable agonies of enjoyment. It is astonishing with what acuteness he catches up every flying report, and ascertains every fact, connected with the *summum bonum* of the month or the minute, as the case may be. Exhibitions, which take many weeks and amazing wisdom for their arrangement, are often suspended or stopped by a sudden caprice, of which the public gets a few hours' notice. English travellers, or even those who may be residents in Paris, often cut a foolish figure, hoaxed and mystified by the undesigning frivolity of ministers, mistresses, managers, or censors. An announced airing of the king, or the playing of the water-works at Versailles or St. Cloud, or the representation of a tragedy at the Français, or a ballet at the Opera, is frequently put off at the very time that the English part of the population are swallowing their early dinner, in danger of choking from fear of being late, stepping into their carriages, or half way gone to the place of exhibition. I have known several of my haughty countrymen, who would not confess to being hoaxed even by the whole cabinet council, assert that they saw the king driving

out, and comment upon his looks, on a day that I knew him to be suffering in his bed from an indigestion; and a particularly sensitive baronet once gave me a detailed critique on a tragedy, for which I had seen him take places for himself and family, but which was changed for one of Molière's comedies, by a sudden freak of the censorship, an hour before the rising of the curtain. In this case my friend might, to be sure, have been honestly deceived; for I sat in the pit, and saw him sound asleep, from the first music to the end of the fifth act.

The weather, also, frequently takes in the English. I have seen them of an evening a little misty or threatening, but a fine Vauxhall atmosphere, crowding up to Tivoli or Beaujon, though the *fête extraordinaire*, fire-works, rope-dancing, balloon, elephant, etc. had been all decidedly adjourned, and placarded all over Paris a full hour before. The fact is, as I said before, or meant to say, we do not make so much of these things. We hear of an intended entertainment, and we resolve to go to it. We think no more of it till the time comes. We employ the interval in other rational ways—reading, writing, drinking, or what not. Not

so the Frenchman. He has his mind's eye always on the one object. He is abstracted from every thing else, but all alive to that. He keeps on the fidget eternally; and looks for every shifting of the minister's will as closely as he watches every change of the wind—for in proportion to a Frenchman's delight at a show is his dread of a shower. Punch and Judy are not more necessary to his happiness, than an umbrella to his security. Amusement rules supreme as "the god of his idolatry;" but rain divides with ridicule the empire over his apprehensions—I ask a thousand pardons, his *sensibilité*. All this being matter-of-fact, it was quite a matter-of-course that my friend Monsieur le Vicomte Vaurien should present himself, according to appointment, at my lodgings the morning of Longchamps; and, the morning being threatening, it was just as natural that he should appear with a brown silk parapluie under his arm.

"My Got, how unfortunate!" exclaimed he as he came in, "de vind is veering vesterly."

"Yes, a little unlucky, no doubt," said I; "but not enough to be vexed at, Monsieur le Vicomte—it may clear up yet." He shook his

head despondingly. "I am quite ready," continued I: "is your carriage at the door?"

"Vat door? Got bless my soul, 'tis at de *Magasin de Voitures à louer.*"

"And how the deuce are we to get to it this raw morning?"

"*Diable!* ve must valk"—and we did walk accordingly. I may here mention, that this appeared as odd as it was uncomfortable. The spirit of our contract was, that I should go with the vicomte in his carriage: and I therefore (being at the time a downright invalid) thought it a curious circumstance that, instead of driving up to my door, he told me coolly I should walk to the carriage, instead of the carriage rolling towards me. But I thought of Mahomet and the mountain, and we set out.

A dreadful half-hour's promenade through the wretchedest part of Paris, brought us at length to a sort of bazaar for carriages; and such a collection as presented itself—

> "Barouche and buggy, tandem, random,
> Jarvey, gig and whiskey"—

would have made the fortune of a showman in England. We entered the yard, the vicomte

first, in due order of precedence and propriety. I recollected the good old family-coach that first caught my attention at Vaurien's lodgings, and I pleased myself into the notion of my approaching drive in that rumbling representation of worn-out nobility, heraldic distinctions, and privileges gone by. No absolute suzerain of the good old times, demanding *le droit de cuissage*, could have stepped out more boldly to put his spurred and booted leg into the bed of his new-married vassal, than did I prepare the strut which was to lead to my entrance into the family-coach of the Vauriens; but I looked round in vain for this anticipated depository of my pride. I observed, indeed, ready for immediate use, a miserable calèche, fastened with the degenerate remains of a truly aristocratical set of harness to a pair of animals that seemed modelled from the Rosinante of Don Quixote; while a scowling and surly-looking driver, miserably dressed, stood beside, and threw a look at us as if he did not like his company. All this was rather strange; nor did the aspect of things look much brighter from my observing my friend the vicomte in ardent conversation with a broad-set boisterous woman, who was evi-

dently mistress of the place. He seemed eloquent, and she decided; and in fact, to let my readers into the secret at once, she was insisting on the vicomte's offering some security for the hire of the calèche, which was to serve as our conveyance to the delights of Longchamps. A word or two explained this to me clearly; and with the vivacity which men sometimes muster up, when they start from a fit of castle (or carriage) building, I jumped into the vehicle, calling out lustily,

"*Allons, Monsieur le Vicomte! Allons, cocher! Partons, partons!*"

"*C'est assez,*" cried the woman; "*si Monsieur l'Anglais l'a choisi, c'est bien lui qui est responsable. Montez, François; montez, M. Vaurien! C'est une affaire finie.*"

The coachman and the vicomte got up at the word, and away we drove; my friend endeavouring to smother his mortification, and I doing my best to conceal my observation of his embarrassment. He went muttering on, however, every jolt over the pavement giving energetic vibration to such expressions as "Dam beast? Canaille! Hosh-posh! Affront a-nobleman!" I let him go on uninterrupted, and lis-

tened patiently to his cooler confession, that the carriage I had set my heart on not being his, he was obliged to hire one for the day; and having forgotten the little formality of entering into a written engagement, the wretched woman had refused to suffer him to get into the calèche, on his remonstrance at her exorbitant demand; but that my being an Englishman was security, she being protected without papers in her transactions with a foreigner. This seemed all so plausible that I swallowed it most credulously, and we drove on; but after circumstances made me rather anxious to hear the point mooted by some legitimate propounder of international law.

The rain did not fall, luckily for the vicomte, but most unfortunately for me, for the dust rose in whirlwinds, by which I was nearly blinded, but to which he seemed quite insensible—as if "*jeter la poudre aux yeux*" was an operation as natural for him to suffer under as to perform. While driven along towards the Bois de Boulogne he gradually recovered his composure. The world began to be on the move. A few early equipages came straggling forward; and the sun darted down his glaring rays upon us,

enough to raise a smile under any French mustachio, maugre the piercing north-east wind, on which the edge of every sunbeam seemed sharpened, they cut so keenly. We had nearly reached the term of our first *course* (the site of the ancient abbey, from which, and the pious processions of its tenants, the degenerate pilgrimage of our day derives its name), when I was struck by a change of countenance in the vicomte beside me, and by some convulsive twitches and contortions in his limbs, that seemed to announce a severe nervous attack.

"My dear friend, you are unwell, I fear," cried I.

"Oh, no, no—'tis nothing, nothing at all," replied he, with a dignified complacency;—but he kept fumbling at his watch-pocket, as if its neighbourhood was the seat of his malady.

"What is the matter, my dear vicomte?" asked I, impatiently. "Have you lost any thing?"

"Oh, noting, noting at all," returned he gaily; "a mere bagatelle—only my vatch; but 'tis no matter."

"Shall we return and look for it?" said I.

"Got bless my soul, no," replied he, with

emphasis, "tis not vorth the vhile. If 'tis lost, 'tis lost—dere's end of it, you know; and a Frenchman is toomosh philosopher to care for sosh hosh-posh trifle like dat." A laugh closed the sentence, and I pondered silently upon it.

The sharp wind, and the jolting of our "infernal machine," now began to produce their natural effects—for a considerable inclination to eat is the legitimate consequence of air and exercise. The vicomte, too, was in want of something consolatory, and readily agreed to my proposal that we should stop at one of the tent-like constructions scattered by the road-side, and refresh ourselves with some of the *à la fourchette* temptations of its larder. We were quickly seated, and as quickly served. A capital fricandeau, an unimpeachable omelette, a plate of cold *haricots blancs*, with oil and vinegar, for the vicomte, and a portion of *épinards au naturel* for myself, were the chief ingredients of our repast. For our sour and surly *cocher*, I ordered a bottle of vin de Surenne, celebrated for its acidity, hoping that it would bring him to good humour, on the principle that two negatives make an affirmative. He sipped

it growlingly, like a cur picking a bare bone (if I may be allowed the Irishism), and I should have moralized deeply, no doubt, on his invincible savageness, had not my attention been excited by the waiter flinging our bill (for which I had called) upon the table, and by the exhibition of some symptoms in my friend and boon companion, precisely similar to those which had betrayed his anxiety in the carriage.

"What now, vicomte?" asked I, less anxiously than before, "what has got possession of you?"

"By Got, 'tis de very deevil!" was the reply, accompanied by a most abstracted air and rapid gesticulation.

"Indeed!" said I, "we must drive him out then. Fill a bumper, vicomte." As he took no notice of my summons, I did the service for him, and his left hand,

—— "Raised
By quick instinctive motion,"

poured the contents of the glass into their proper recipient, but his right kept unceasingly rubbing about the lower extremities of his waistcoat, and had such friction only followed the swallowing of

the wine it would have been natural enough, for the *boisson* was most execrable, though announced to us as "*Beaune première qualité.*"

"Speak out, my dear vicomte," said I, once more; "unburthen yourself."

"By Got, I am unburdened already," replied he: "I have lost my purse—my money—*vingt deux Napoléons — trois pièces de cent sous—sept ou huit francs—et quelques petites pièces!*"

The appalling solemnity of this enumeration, and the prodigiousness of the sum, in comparison with the circumstances of the loser, filled me with sympathetic alarm. I started up, and swore that I suspected the ill-looking *cocher* of having picked his pocket as he stepped in and out of the carriage. He scouted this idea as impossible. I then turned the battery of my accusations upon a couple of "scurvy mechanics," who were regaling themselves at a table beside us, and proposed calling in the police for a general search. This the vicomte would not listen to for a moment, saying aloud, with great feeling, and his hand placed on his breast,

"*Je connais trop l'honneur Francais; je n'accuse personne; si le sort m'a fait perdre cette somme inconsidérable, c'est perdu: voilà tout!* But, my dear Saer," added he in English, and in a subdued tone, "have de goodness to pay de bill, if you please."

On these words he stalked towards the calèche with a very imposing and rather awful demeanour, leaving me to explain to the waiter and the other listeners the cause of his magnanimous expressions. I paid the bill, and rejoined the representative of the noble race of the Vauriens, with very elevated notions of his philosophy, and profound respect for himself and his whole family to the remotest generation.

We soon re-entered the line of carriages, and proceeded at the regulation snail's-pace adopted on these occasions. My contemplation of the vicomte, who was in a moment as lively, as chatty, and as much at his ease, as if he had found, instead of losing, twenty guineas and a gold watch, prevented me from paying much attention to the unmeaning and uninteresting procession in which I made one, and which annually sets all Paris in a flutter, and may be called *la fête par excellence* of milliners, mantua-

makers, and hackney-coachmen. This spectacle of Longchamps is, of all others, the most stupid and the most devoutly worshipped of the periodical frivolities of Paris. No one of any fashion could presume to hold up his or her head for the rest of the year, if they did not, on this all-fool's day, occupy a seat in some kind of vehicle, and sit up for hours to be stared at in the open air, by the walking population of the capital. On the particular occasion which I describe, the crowd of carriages was inconceivable. But the day was not kindly. The sun was hot and the air raw. The year and the season did not pull together. The first was advanced, but the other backward—just like the ludicrous imitation of an English equipage which figured before me—a monstrous blue and gilded caricature of the Lord Mayor's coach, dragged by four old white horses, the leaders and wheelers pulling most obstinately in different directions, to the great amusement of the crowd, and the horrible discomfiture of the old aristocratical couple within, their clumsy postilions, with cocked hats and huge jack-boots, and the two footmen, in their scarlet cloaks and yellow plush breeches of the true cut and pattern of

the *siècle de Louis XV.* This was the most barefaced revival of the *ancien régime;* but there were many minor attempts, and much laughable absurdity of our own day;—the train of king's pages, for instance, on their piebald horses, and in a most quizzical costume, with various laughter-moving efforts to look English on the part of the other equestrians, both masters and grooms.

The whole thing had the air of a forced production. The white dresses of the ladies were out of all keeping with the coldness of the weather; and a profusion of artificial flowers in their bonnets looked quite preposterous, when compared with the leafless branches of the trees that stretched their skeleton arms across the Boulevards. I was out of patience at the whole display; yet not so much annoyed by the folly of the multitude, as indignant at the meanness with which they submitted to be swore at, and rode over, and shoved, and jostled, and commanded, and abused, by some dozens of mounted gens d'armes—those military masters of the ceremonies, whose wand of office is the bare blade of a sabre, who give curses instead of courtesy, and put fears of despotism and tyranny

into the hearts that should be filled with associations of joy. What hope can there be for such a people? thought I. But hold! I am afraid I have got to the length of my tether: and if I give myself more rope I may get hanged, or guillotined, or something of that sort, one fine morning.

I sat it out till six o'clock. Less would not satisfy the vicomte, and the coachman repelled my effort to quit the calèche. He insisted on my remaining until it was delivered safe and sound into "the place from whence it came." I was, therefore, obliged to suffer half a day's martyrdom, which may partly account for my disapproval of the show; and having paid the woman forty francs, (being double the common price, on account of the fête), I parted with the vicomte—for ever, I do believe. He gave me a squeeze of the hand, which was forebodingly forcible, and an assurance that he would come the next morning to settle his share of our day's expenses, a promise which he most faithfully remembered to forget. And it may be well to add, that when I called on him two days afterwards, the old portress told me he had gone into

the country for some weeks; and to my inquiry if he had recovered his watch and money, she replied by a turn on her heel, slamming the door in my face, and the emphatical utterance of the interjection "Bah!"

HORSE RACES—FETE OF ROSIERE—SAINT LOUIS'S DAY.

It is in vain to attempt a separate notice of all the Paris sights. They come like blushing honours, "thick upon me;" and drive me out of my pitiful retail business into a line of wholesale combinations. Horse-racing, ballooning, drunkenness, La Rosière, and La St. Louis, make but an odd jumble, I must confess. It is, like that of a modern work, "rank confusion in the orders of precedence"—but no matter; symmetrical arrangement must not be expected from a head which the last month's varieties have set spinning like a merry-go-round. The sun, that so long refused to shine,

has at length burst out, and warmed into life all the ephemeral enjoyments of France. Before their flutterings subside into the winter's inanity, I must endeavour to pluck a few of those innumerable feathers which compose their butterfly wings. I have been at about twenty fêtes and fairs within a month; and being completely disburthened of the friendship, and even presence, of my quondam associate De Vaurien, I was driven out upon the stormy solitudes of public places and suburban pleasures. I was for many days tossed about on "the multitudinous sea;" borne along the moving waves of the crowd; carried forward by the gale of the popular breath (not over "spicy," to be sure) like any other privateer or pleasure-barge running ready-rigged before the wind. Continuing this maritime allusion to my pursuits, I must confess in this capacity my manifold offences in my cruise after curiosities. Many a thousand have I crushed of those

> "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flowers,"

as Burns has it—or

> —— "These floures white and rede,
> Such that men callen daisies,"

according to Chaucer—when bringing myself to an anchor, on beds

> "Of daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And ladysmocks all over white,
> And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,"

as Shakspeare says—I have, upon getting under sail again, had the variegated reproaches of many a murdered flower, staring in the face—any one who happened to follow me. It really grieved me to the heart, to witness and partake in these floral depredations; and it is positively one of the chief evils of that propensity for everlasting dance, which entitles this nation to have St. Vitus for its patron, that there is not a spot of meadow or pasture-ground round the capital sacred from the trespasses of "*Le Cavalier Seul*," "*Chassez deux*," "*La chaine Anglaise*," and such like boisterous intruders. The fact is, that no man likes a fête better than I do. Once and away, a rural party of joyous peasants, or a group of gay *grisettes*, tripping it—not on the *green*, alas! but on "the russet lawn or fallow grey," if you will—is as pleasant a sight as one could wish.

I delight in dancing, but then I love mode-

ration, and I hate excess, coupled with which, pleasure is (like the punishment of What's-his-name, the tyrant of old) a living body joined to a dead carcase. Now the French, at this season, at least, think of *nothing* but fêtes, and *do* nothing but dance. All the world goes capering, and there is no fear of treason certainly, for every one seems to have "music in his *sole*." A working-day must be a delightful holiday, I am sure, when they can, without being singular, put their feet at full length upon the ground, for at present, all, young, old, well or ailing, are from Sunday morning to Saturday night "on the light fantastic toe"—except one hideous fat old woman, who nearly crushed the corn of my left foot with the tread-mill pressure of her heavy heel the other day, at the horse-races in the Champ de Mars. And this reminiscence brings me round quite naturally to my subject.

Horse-racing, then, in France, is precisely what opera-dancing is in England, or opera-singing in America. None of them are indigenous to the soil; the natives are not cut out for such exercises of the arm, the leg, or the voice. The performers must all be imported;

for the home-breed, in their various ways, are too much or too little refined for the several accomplishments. It ever will be thus in countries so remote in manners and institutions. The social soil can never be ploughed, nor the national feelings harrowed up, so as to bring forth the fruits, which are looked on as the productions of a barbarous or a degenerate clime. Would John Bull give his Newmarket for L'Académie Royale de Musique—for which last word read *danse?* Not he! any more than an independent Yankee would barter his hard-earned liberty, for the emasculated refinement that

"Squeaks and gibbers in the Roman streets."

For my part, I am always happy to see a people gazing with pleasure, in the heart of their capital, on an exhibition of foreign skill, which they, nevertheless, most heartily despise. It is a proof of independence of feeling; of a notion of self-superiority in matters of importance, without which no people can be great; and, above all things, it satisfies me that, in my time at least, there is no danger of those distinctive features being rubbed off, which keep all coun-

tries from becoming (the most abhorrent of improvements to my mind) one great, undistinguishable, monstrous family. I love to hear an Englishman allow the French to be the best dancers, and a Frenchman acknowledge us to be the best boxers in the world. There is something so *naïve* in the first, and so unso*fist*icated in the latter; and the admission is always made with so truly national a toss of the head, or shrug of the shoulders, as the case may be! Vestris and Paul, kicking their heels against the fly-scenes of the Opera-house, are objects of high delight and deep contempt to the applauding English audience—while Tom Cribb or Randall, making their best display in the Champs Elysées, would amuse the Parisians, while they pronounced the pugilists to be barbarians. These national incongruities are all as they should be. What we are proud of, the French despise, and *vice versâ*. We are, like our roast beef, too underdone and too plain for their palates; and they, like their fricassees, too unsubstantial and too *saucy* for ours. It is just as *morally* impossible for John Bull and Monsieur de Grenouilles to have the same notions of politics and pleasures, as it is *phiz*ically impossible that they

could resemble each other in features or complexion. As to horse-racing, in which we excel, it is a matter of course that the French should botch it. To succeed in such a pursuit, men must, of all things, love the country, and have a relish for rural pleasures. Of them the French gentry know little or nothing, beyond transplanting their natural productions to the towns; and probably the greatest burlesque existing is the annual exhibition of horse-racing in the capital of France—from the simple reason, that the actors and the spectators have no sympathy in common. The place, too, appropriated, but not adapted, for the race, is enough to destroy all enjoyment in it; and has been chosen only from a stupid revolutionary imitation of the ancient Romans, who held their Fasta Equiriæ in the Campus Martius. Instead of a smooth and level turf, against which, with us, the noble animals strike their elastic limbs, and bound along in grace and beauty to the goal, here they plough through an immense bed of sand, labouring and panting, and covered with a coat of dust and sweat, jaded and disheartened, and looking any thing, in short, but what one expects in a "high-mettled racer." Such as the

thing is, it is almost wholly in the hands of Englishmen. A French jockey rarely appears; and the only gratifying object, to my eyes, in the display, was the knowing air with which the riders mounted their steeds, and gave them their preparatory canter through the ranks of gaping *spooneys* about them. It was amusing, too, (though somewhat humiliating from its anti-English look) to see the winners of the prizes, two thorough-bred horsedealers, with all the blunt and rather slangish air of their profession, lead their respective horses up to the foot of the balcony (from which the Duchess of Berry superintended the scene), preceded by a band of music, and escorted by a troop of horse-grenadiers. I did not much like to see my two countrymen twirling their hats in one hand, stuffing the other into their breeches-pockets, and looking altogether so confoundedly *gauche* in the presence of "les augustes personnages." I could not help smiling, however, when they took their silver coffee-pot and ewer away in triumph under their arms; and as they gave their several scrapes of the foot, and bobbed their bows up to the balcony, and turned off upon their heels, I thought I distinguished on each

of their countenances an expression that seemed to say, "All my eye, Betty Martin!"

Next came Mademoiselle Garnerin and her balloon; and they were much more to the taste of the spectators—she gracefully bowing and looking gaily; *it* moving along, gaudy, inflated, and "full of emptiness." Up she sailed upon her aerial voyage, not to go round the world, but merely (a hard task, alas!) to get above it; and if a man may judge of his fellows by his own feelings or their faces (most uncertain tests, I allow), there was scarce a looker-on who did not, in the enthusiasm of the moment, wish to be yoked in the car with the adventurous nymph, "fat, fair, and forty," as she looked to be.

I had long had a desire to *assist* (as we say in France) at *la fête de la Rosière.* Early associations, boyish imaginings, Madame de Genlis, and other delusions, had fixed this inclination deep in my mind. Pastorality and purity, innocence and ingenuousness, and such animating alliterations, floated before me, and, as might be expected, prepared me for—an utter disappointment. I had gone to the *Champ de Mars,* my brain crammed, like a Yorkshire newspaper,

with the anticipated joys of horse-racing, and I came away knocked up like a sorry hack—there are various kinds, reader, as the booksellers could tell you. I went to the fête of the Rosière, my head as full as a flower-pot of bloom and fragrance, and I returned with every expectation as withered as the faded wreath that adorns the image of the Virgin over the porch of Suresne church. There never were such cruel pains taken by a Curé with or without the commands of his superiors, to render common-place and unpopular an institution full of sense and sentiment, as have been taken in the present instance by the Curé of Suresne. The fête of la Rosière, established on the basis of national feeling and true morality, was in its origin meant to reward with a garland (full as honourable *per se* as a blue ribbon) the girl of the village, who combined the best life with the most graceful demeanour. To-day the whole matter, if I am rightly informed (and I beg that this clause may be a *saving* one), has become an affair of paltry intrigue and party prejudice. The fortunate maiden last year was the daughter of the maire! Now, though I would no more exclude the progeny of a *maire* from

the right to the Rosière, any more than the prize of the horse-race, I think the public functionary ought not to have let his daughter enter the lists, lest the people might suppose *his* situation to have some influence in *her* success. They think so at Suresne, I can assure him; but the discontent is at its height this summer, from the Curé having refused the claims of all the girls of the village who could be convicted of having gone to a fête or a dance during the year! Imagine this in France—on the banks of the Seine—within sight of Paris! It is the most preposterous innovation of modern *épurations*, for it strikes at the very root of national manners and character. A French girl entitled to be crowned Rosière in proportion as she is ignorant of "Balancer and Rigadoon!"—why it is worthy of John Knox, who did not deal harder with Mary, his gay-mannered and French-hearted queen, than this Curé with his virgin parishioners. There were, as may be supposed, scarcely any candidates; for the favoured maiden, instead of being "one in a hundred," was, of course, only one out of four or five; and these no doubt the pious *wall-flowers* of former ball-rooms, who, unable to get a flesh and blood partner in a mortal quadrille, have been forced to waltz

through the year with the memory of some dead-and-gone saint of the second century. Mademoiselle Julienne, something or other, may, therefore, arrange her garland before the looking-glass, without exciting the least envy in the majority of her fellow-villagers.

As for me, I turned from the contemplation of these puny contentions to the overwhelming enjoyments of "*La Saint-Louis.*" Here, thought I, I shall see something worthy of the genuine fête of religion and royalty combined. Saint Louis and King Louis are to be celebrated together to-day—the throne and the altar—regal splendour with christian piety—all the national virtues consecrating a few of the national vanities—civility and sobriety walking hand-in-hand with gracefulness and gaiety! That was something like a combination for an amateur of fêtes;—so away I trudged in the hot sun of the 25th of August, glowing with expectation, and determined to be pleased: and a dogged fellow he must have been who was not pleased with the sight of the Champs Elysées at noon of that day. Every thing that could give pleasure (to an unthinking people at least) was gathered together. Merry-andrews, mountebanks, rope-dancers, bands of music, games of all kinds,

and every kindly gaiety were collected on the spot. I really wandered through these Elysian fields something in the mood of the happiest of the shades. A thousand vagaries crossed me at every turn; but that, I think, which caused me to moralise the most, was the poor devils climbing up immensely high poles to come at the reward of their aspirings—a silver watch, a pair of buckles, or some such ornament. It was painfully amusing to see these climbers straining upwards; the earliest cleaning off the greasy unction with which each pole was larded half-mast high, then slipping down to earth, and followed by others, all with their pockets filled with sand to fling upon the part of the pole above them, and give them a chance of clinging to it the better in their ascent. I thought of the strange contrast presented by this road to wealth and fame to all the others in life. Instead of being harsh and rugged, the only fault of this was being too smooth; and the only effort of the adventurers was, not to level obstacles, but to roughen their way to fortune. Here, too, were no sharp turns nor short cuts. This was plain, straight-forward, up-pole work; and so far from a *needy* aspirant being, as in common

cases, the most looked down upon, the fellow the most *in-kneed*, on the present occasion, had the best chance of getting above the world. Then came the *associations*—those whirlwind disturbers of the nicest train of philosophical speculation. I bethought me of barbers' poles, and the Polish lancers, and the North Pole, and Captain Parry, and so on—until I was roused by the noise of wheels, and the shouts of the human animals that were dragging along the body of a cart, with a huge empty barrel thereon.

The group that presented itself was frightful. It consisted of a couple of dozen ragged, villain-visaged fellows, with about as many atrocious specimens of female degradation, coming forward towards the place where the wine was to be distributed. It was as if a band of demons had stolen into Paradise. They came on with gestures and exclamations fitting their appearance; brushed through the dancers; broke in upon the sports: and as if under the special protection of the police, took up a position in front of one of the depôts of provisions, which were to be immediately scattered gratis to the crowd. As every eye turned on these savages, each tongue exclaimed—"*Ah, voilà les gens des Fau-*

bourgs!" Aha! (said I to myself, like the Lord Chamberlain in Henry the Eighth) :—

> "There's a trim rabble let in! Are all these
> Our faithful friends o' the suburbs?"

And I moved forward for the purpose of inspecting this odious deputation from all that is most odious in France. I shall not detail the result of my observations, but merely state, that every stage erected for the *distribution* was guarded at foot by a band of those miscreants, who are as anxious to wallow in wine to-day, as their fathers (or themselves perhaps) were to bathe in blood this day thirty years. At two o'clock the distribution commenced. Bread, meat, sausages, &c. were showered down on the multitude in a profusion that would have reminded me of the pleasant times when—

> "Streets were paved with penny rolls,
> And houses thatched with pancakes;"

if my memory had not been pre-occupied by painful recollections of a more recent epoch, and all my feelings in revolt against the demoralising spectacle. But when the edibles were exhausted, and the wine-giving began—then, indeed, I blushed for the profanation of the day, and the degradation of my species. When I looked on

the struggling wretches, raving, raging, and deluged in the flood, rushing forward with pots, kettles, and cans to catch the streaming liquor, and convey it to the barrels provided by each Faubourg as a common reservoir; while others, the great majority, glutted themselves into instantaneous drunkenness, rolled in the mud, and uttered yells, and songs, and blasphemy—it was then that all my indignation was roused—it was then that I cordially cursed the policy which debases and brutalizes a people, to give their rulers a better chance of crushing them. Then it was, that viewing the national sobriety and decorum violated, as it were, at the foot of the throne, and by the royal ordonnance, I marvelled how a king could be honoured, or a saint be glorified, or a man be bettered, or Heaven be pleased, by such a scene!

I pondered all this so deeply, walked so fast, and used such energetic action as I inwardly debated, that I saw I had attracted the remarks of some of the agents of that multocular monster—the Police; and fearing to be taken up for a malcontent, I wheeled away through the trees, and took French leave of the place.

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